THE LIVING AGE.

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VESPER.

Day-close and shades that creep
O'er gray fields wide and dim:
One last bird who will not sleep
Until his evening hymn
Find answer in the sky
From night's first-opened eye.

Silence and trailing cloud:
A white road stretching far:
Slumber for the sorrow bowed,
And dreams where no tears are:
Joy till the shadows wane
And day brings all things vain.

One word ere eyelids close:
One prayer, then no word said.
Softer than breath of rose,
And secret as the dead.
Whispered into the sky
Where stars write God's reply.

Ronald Lewis Carton.

The Academy.

SINGING WATER.

I heard—'twas on a morning, but when it was and where,
Except that well I heard it, I neither know nor care—
I heard, and, oh, the sunlight was shining in the blue,
A little water singing as little waters do.

At Lechlade and at Buscot, where Summer days are long,
The tiny rills and ripples they tremble into song;
And where the silver Windrush brings down her liquid gems,
There's music in the wavelets she tosses to the Thames.

The eddies have an air too, and brave it is and blithe;
I think I may have heard it that day at Bablockhythe;
And where the Eynsham weir-fall breaks out in rainbow spray
The Evenlode comes singing to join the pretty play.

But where I heard that music I cannot rightly tell;
I only know I heard it, and that I know full well:
I heard a little water, and, oh, the sky was blue,
A little water singing as little waters do.

R. C. L.

Punch.

THE SECRET OF THE HILLS.

I know a hollow in the hills,
Under the strong sun's eye,
Girt in with craggy parapets
And neighbor to the sky;

And, quiet as the hour that cleaves
The summer's day in two,
And lonely as a crescent moon
Lost in the sultry blue,

A tarn, God's little looking-glass,
Burnished and round and fair;
And mountains craning solemn heads
To glimpse him unaware.

That vision may a mortal man
Desire but never see,
Yet know within the grassy shrine
Its ample sanctity.

The blessed secret of the hills
(They share it with the stars)
Incarnate spirit apprehends
Dimly, as through the bars

A captive in the nether gloom
Sees on his dungeon wall,
Down from the kindly world above,
A feeble glimmer fall.

But freedom and enlightenment
Are not for such as we;
The hills preserve inscrutable
Their ancient mystery.

The Saturday Review.

THE MYSTERY.

He came and took me by the hand
Up to a red rose tree,
He kept His meaning to Himself
But gave a rose to me.

I did not pray Him to lay bare
The mystery to me.
Enough the rose was Heaven to smell,
And His own face to see.

Ralph Hodgson.

GEORGE SAND.*

It has much occurred to us, touching those further liberations of the subordinate sex which fill our ears just now with their multitudinous sound, that the promoters of the great cause make a good deal less than they might of one of their very first contentious "assets," if it may not indeed be looked at as quite the first; and thereby fail to pass about, to the general elation, a great vessel of truth. Is this because the life and example of George Sand are things unknown or obscure to the talkers and fighters of to-day—present and vivid as they were to those of the last mid-century—or because of some fear that to invoke victory in her name might, for particular, for even rueful reasons, not be altogether a safe course? It is difficult to account otherwise for the fact that so ample and embossed a shield, and one that shines too at last with a strong and settled lustre, is rather left hanging on the wall than seen to cover advances or ward off attacks in the fray. Certain it is that if a lapse of tradition appeared at one time to have left a little in the lurch the figure of the greatest of all women of letters, of Letters in truth most exactly, as we hold her surely to have been, that explanation should have begun to fail, some fourteen years ago, with the publication of the first volume of Madame Vladimir Karénine's biography, and even in spite of the fact that this singularly interesting work was not till a twelvemonth ago to arrive at the dignity of a third, which leaves it, for all its amplitude, still incomplete. The latest instalment, now before us, follows its predecessors after an interval that had alarmed us not a little for the proper consummation; and the story is even now carried but to the eve of the Revolution of 1848, after which its heroine (that of the Revolution, we may almost say, as well as of the narrative) was to have some twenty-seven years to live. Madame Karénine appears to be a Russian critic writing under a pseudonym; portions of her overbrimming study have appeared dispersedly, we gather, in Russian periodicals, but the harmonious French idiom, of which she is all-sufficient mistress, welds them effectively together, and the result may already be pronounced a commemorative monument of all but the first order. The first order in such attempts has for its sign a faculty of selection and synthesis, not to say a sense of composition and proportion, which neither the chronicler nor the critic in these too multiplied pages is able consistently to exhibit; though on the other hand they represent quite the high-water mark of patience and persistence, of the ideal biographic curiosity. They enjoy further the advantage of the documented state in a degree that was scarce to have been hoped for, every source of information that had remained in reserve—and these proved admirably numerous—having been opened to our inquirer by the confidence of the illustrious lady's two great-granddaughters, both alive at the time the work was begun. Add to this that there has grown up in France a copious George Sand literature, a vast body of illustrative odds and ends, relics and revelations, on which the would-be propagator of the last word is now free to draw—always with discrimination. Ideally, well-nigh overwhelmingly informed we may at present therefore hold ourselves; and were that state all that is in question for us nothing could exceed our advantage.

Just the beauty and the interest of

* "George Sand, sa Vie et ses Œuvres." Vol. III (1838-1848). Par Vladimir Karenine. Paris: Plon, 1912.

the case are, however, that such a condition by no means exhausts our opportunity, since in no like connection could it be less said that to know most is most easily or most complacently to conclude. May we not decidedly feel the sense and the "lesson," the suggestive spread, of a career as a thing scarce really to be measured when the effect of more and more acquaintance with it is simply to make the bounds of appreciation recede? This is why the figure now shown us, blazed upon to the last intensity by the lamplight of investigation, and with the rank oil consumed in the process fairly filling the air, declines to let us off from an hour of that contemplation which yet involves discomfiture for us so long as certain lucidities on our own part, certain serenities of assurance, fail correspondingly to play up. We feel ourselves so outfaced, as it were; we somehow want in any such case to meet and match the assurances with which the subject himself or herself immitigably bristles, and are nevertheless by no means certain that our bringing up premature forces or trying to reply with lights of our own may not check the current of communication, practically without sense for us unless flowing at its fullest. At our biographer's rate of progress we shall still have much to wait for; but it can meanwhile not be said that we have not plenty to go on with. To this may be added that the stretch of "life," apart from the more concrete exhibition, already accounted for by our three volumes (if one may discriminate between "production" and life to a degree that is in this connection exceptionally questionable), represents to all appearance the most violently and variously agitated face of the career. The establishment of the Second Empire ushered in for Madame Sand, we seem in course of preparation to make out, the long period already more or less known to fame, that is to criticism, as the period of her great placidity, her more or less notorious appeasement; a string of afternoon hours as hazily golden as so many reigns of Antonines, when her genius had mastered the high art of acting without waste, when a happy play of inspiration had all the air, so far as our spectatorship went, of filling her large capacity and her beautiful form to the brim, and when the gathered fruit of what she had dauntlessly done and been heaped itself upon her table as a rich feast for memory and philosophy. So she came in for the enjoyment of all the *sagesse* her contemporaries (with only such exceptions as M. Paul de Musset and Madame Louise Colet and the few discordant pleaders for poor Chopin) finally rejoiced on their side to acclaim; the sum of her aspects "composing," arranging themselves in relation to each other, with a felicity that nothing could exceed and that swept with great glosses and justifications every aspect of the past. To few has it been given to "pay" so little, according to *our* superstition of payment, in proportion to such enormities of ostensibly buying or borrowing—which fact, we have to recognize, left an existence as far removed either from moral, or intellectual, or even social bankruptcy as if it had proceeded from the first but on the most saving lines.

That is what remains on the whole most inimitable in the picture—the impression it conveys of an art of life by which the rough sense of the homely adage that we may not both eat our cake and have it was to be signally falsified; this wondrous mistress of the matter strikes us so as having consumed *her* refreshment, her vital supply, to the last crumb, so far as the provision meant at least freedom and ease, and yet having ever found on the shelf the luxury in question undiminished. Superlatively interesting the idea of how this result was, how it

could be, achieved—given the world as we on our side of the water mainly know it; and it is as meeting the mystery that the monument before us has doubtless most significance. We shall presently see, in the light of our renewed occasion, how the question is solved; yet we may as well at once say that this will have had for its conclusion to present our heroine—mainly figuring as a novelist of the romantic or sentimental order once pre-eminent but now of shrunken credit—simply as a supreme case of the successful practice of life itself. We have to distinguish for this induction after a fashion in which neither Madame Sand nor her historian has seemed at all positively concerned to distinguish; the indifference on the historian's part sufficiently indicated, we feel, by the complacency with which, to be thorough, she explores even the most thankless tracts of her author's fictional activity, telling the tales over, as she comes to them, on much the same scale on which she unfolds the situations otherwise documented. The writer of "Consuelo" and "Claudie" and a hundred other things is to this view a literary genius whose output, as our current term so gracefully has it, the exercise of an inordinate personal energy happens to mark; whereas the exercise of personal energy is for ourselves what most reflects the genius—recorded though this again chances here to be through the inestimable fact of the possession of style. Of the action of that perfect, that only real preservative in face of other perils George Sand is a wondrous example; but her letters alone suffice to show it, and the style of her letters is no more than the breath of her nature, her so remarkable one, in which expression and aspiration were much the same function. That is what it is really to *have* style—when you set about performing the act of life. The forms taken by this later impulse then cover everything; they serve for your adventures not less than they may serve at their most refined pitch for your Lélias and your Mauprats.

This means accordingly, we submit, that those of us who at the present hour "feel the change," as the phrase is, in the computation of the feminine range, with the fullest sense of what it may portend, shirk at once our opportunity and our obligation in not squeezing for its last drop of testimony such an exceptional body of illustration as we here possess. It has so much to say to any view—whether, in the light of old conventions, the brightest or the darkest—of what may either glitter or gloom in a conquest of every license by our contemporaries of the contending sex, that we scarce strain a point in judging it a provision of the watchful fates for this particular purpose and profit: its answers are so full to most of our uncertainties. It is to be noted of course that the creator of Lélia and of Mauprat was on the one hand a woman of an extraordinary gift and on the other a woman resignedly and triumphantly voteless—doing without that boon so beautifully, for free development and the acquisition and application of "rights," that we seem to see her sardonically smile, before our present tumults, as at a rumpus about nothing; as if women need set such preposterous machinery in motion for obtaining things which she had found it of the first facility, right and left, to stretch forth her hand and take. There it is that her precedent stands out—apparently to a blind generation; so that some little insistence on the method of her appropriations would seem to be peculiarly in place. It was a method that may be summed up indeed in a fairly simple, if comprehensive, statement: it consisted in her dealing with life exactly as if she had been a man—exactly not being too much to say. Nature certainly had

contributed on her behalf to this success; it had given her a constitution and a temperament, the kind of health, the kind of mind, the kind of courage, that might most directly help—so that she had but to convert these strong matters into the kind of experience. The writer of these lines remembers how a distinguished and intimate friend of her later years, who was a very great admirer, said of her to him just after her death that her not having been born a man seemed, when one knew her, but an awkward accident: she had been to all intents and purposes so fine and frank a specimen of the sex. This anomalous native turn, it may be urged, can have no general application—women cannot be men by the mere trying or by calling themselves "as good"; they must have been provided with what we have just noted as the outfit. The force of George Sand's exhibition consorts, we contend, none the less perfectly with the logic of the consummation awaiting us, if a multitude of signs are to be trusted, in a more or less near future: that effective repudiation of the *distinctive*, as to function and opportunity, as to working and playing activity, for which the definite removal of immemorial disabilities is but another name. We are in presence already of a practical shrinkage of the distinctive, at the rapidest rate, and that it must shrink till nothing of it worth mentioning is left, what is this but a war-cry (presenting itself also indeed as a plea for peace) with which our ears are familiar? Unless the suppression of the distinctive, however, is to work to the prejudice, as we may fairly call it, of men, drawing them over to the feminine type rather than drawing women over to theirs—which is not what seems most probable—the course of the business will be a virtual undertaking on the part of the half of humanity acting ostensibly for the first time in freedom to annex the male identity, that of the other half, so far as may be at all contrivable, to its own cluster of elements. Individuals are in great world and race movements negligible, and if that undertaking must inevitably appeal to different recruits with a differing cogency, its really enlisting its army or becoming reflected, to a perfectly conceivable vividness, in the mass, is all our demonstration requires. At that point begins the revolution, the shift of the emphasis from the idea of woman's weakness to the idea of her strength—which is where the emphasis has lain, from far back, by his every tradition, on behalf of man; and George Sand's great value, as we say, is that she gives us the vision, gives us the particular case, of the shift achieved, displayed with every assurance and working with every success.

The answer of her life to the question of what an effective annexation of the male identity may amount to, amount to in favoring conditions certainly, but in conditions susceptible to the highest degree of encouragement and cultivation, leaves nothing to be desired for completeness. This is the moral of her tale, the beauty of what she does for us—that at no point whatever of her history or her character do their power thus to give satisfaction break down; so that what we in fact on the whole most recognize is not the extension she gives to the feminine nature, but the richness that she adds to the masculine. It is not simply that she could don a disguise that gaped at the seams, that she could figure as a man of the mere carnival or pantomime variety, but that she made so virile, so efficient and homogeneous a one. Admirable child of the old order as we find her, she was far from our late-coming theories and fevers—by the reason simply of her not being reduced to them; as to which nothing about her is more eloquent than her living at

such ease with a conception of the main relevance of women that is viewed among ourselves as antiquated to "quaintness." She could afford the traditional and sentimental, the old romantic and historic theory of the function most natural to them, since she entertained it exactly as a man would. It is not that she fails again and again to represent her heroines as doing the most unconventional things—upon these they freely embark; but they never in the least do them for themselves, themselves as the "sex," they do them altogether for men. Nothing could well be more interesting thus than the extraordinary union of the pair of opposites in her philosophy of the relation of the sexes—than the manner in which her immense imagination, the imagination of a man for range and abundance, intervened in the whole matter for the benefit, absolutely, of the so-called stronger party, or to liberate her sisters up to the point at which men may most gain and least lose by the liberation. She read the relation essentially in the plural term—the relations, and her last word about these was as far as possible from being that they are of minor importance to women. Nothing in her view could exceed their importance to women—it left every other far behind it; and nothing that could make for authority in her, no pitch of tone, no range of personal enquiry nor wealth of experience, no acquaintance with the question that might derive light from free and repeated adventure, but belonged to the business of driving this argument home.

Madame Karénine's third volume is copiously devoted to the period of her heroine's intimacy with Chopin and to the events surrounding this agitated friendship, which largely fill the ten years precedent to '48. Our author is on all this ground overwhelmingly documented, and enlisted though she is in the service of the more successful party to the association—in the sense of Madame Sand's having heartily outlived and survived, not to say professionally and brilliantly "used" it—the great composer's side of the story receives her conscientious attention. Curious and interesting in many ways, these reflections of George Sand's middle life afford above all the most pointed illustration of the turn of her personal genius, her aptitude for dealing with men, in the intimate relation, exactly after the fashion in which numberless celebrated men have contributed to their reputation, not to say crowned their claim to superiority, by dealing with women. This being above all the note of her career, with its vivid show of what such dealing could mean for play of mind, for quickening of gift, for general experience and, as we say, intellectual development, for determination of philosophic bent and education of character and fertilization of fancy, we seem to catch the whole process in the fact, under the light here supplied us, as we catch it nowhere else. It gives us in this application endlessly much to consider—it is in itself so replete and rounded a show; we at once recognize moreover how comparatively little it matters that such works as "Lucrezia Floriani" and "Un Hiver à Majorque" should have proceeded from it, cast into the shade as these are, on our biographer's evidence, by a picture of concomitant energies still more attaching. It is not here by the force of her gift for rich improvisation, beautiful as this was, that the extraordinary woman holds us, but by the force of her ability to act herself out, given the astounding quantities concerned in this self. That energy too, we feel, was in a manner an improvisation—so closely allied somehow are both the currents, the flow of literary composition admirably instinctive and free, and the handling power, as we are constantly moved to

call it, the flow of a splendid intelligence all the while at its fullest expressional ease, for the *actual* situations created by her, for whatever it might be that vitally confronted her. Of how to bring about, or at the least find one's self "in" for, an inordinate number of situations, most of them of the last difficulty, and then deal with them on the spot, in the narrowest quarters as it were, with an eloquence and a plausibility that does them and one's own nature at once a sort of ideal justice, the demonstration here is the fullest—as of what it was further to have her unfailing verbal as well as her unfailing moral inspiration. What predicament could have been more of an hourly strain for instance, as we cannot but suppose, than her finding herself inevitably accompanied by her two children during the stay at Majorca made by Chopin in '38 under her protection? The victory of assurance and of the handling power strikes us as none the less never an instant in doubt, that being essentially but over the general *kind* of inconvenience or embarrassment involved for a mother and a friend in any real consistency of attempt to carry things off male fashion. We do not, it is true, see a man as a mother, any more than we easily see a woman as a gentleman—and least of all perhaps in either case as an awkwardly placed one; but we see Madame Sand as a sufficiently bustling, though rather a rough and ready, father, a father accepting his charge and doing the best possible under the circumstances; the truth being of course that the circumstances never *can* be, even at the worst, or still at the best, the best for parental fondness, so awkward for him as for a mother.

What call, again, upon every sort of presence of mind could have been livelier than the one made by the conditions attending and following the marriage of young Solange Dudevant to the sculptor Clésinger in 1846, when our heroine, summoned by the stress of events both to take responsible action and to rise to synthetic expression, in a situation, that is in presence of a series of demonstrations on her daughter's part, that we seem to find imaginable for a perfect dramatic adequacy only in that particular home circle, fairly surpassed herself by her capacity to "meet" everything, meet it much incommoded, yet undismayed, unabashed and unconfuted, and have on it all, to her great advantage, the always prodigious last word? The elements of this especial crisis claim the more attention through its having been, as a test of her powers, decidedly the most acute that she was in her whole course of life to have traversed, more acute even, because more complicated, than the great occasion of her rupture with Alfred de Musset, at Venice in '35, on which such a wealth of contemplation and of ink has been expended. Dramatic enough in their relation to each other certainly those immortal circumstances, immortal so far as immortalized on either side by genius and passion: Musset's return, ravaged and alone, to Paris; his companion's transfer of her favour to Pietro Pagello, whom she had called in to attend her friend medically in illness and whose intervention, so far from simplifying the juncture, complicated it in a fashion probably scarce paralleled in the history of the erotic relation; her retention of Pagello under her protection for the rest of her period in Venice; her marvellously domesticated state, in view of the literary baggage, the collection of social standards, even taking these but at what they were, and the general amplitude of personality, that she brought into residence with her; the conveyance of Pagello to Paris, on her own return, and the apparent signification to him at the very gate that her countenance was then and there

withdrawn. This was a brilliant case for her—of coming off with flying colors; but it strikes us as a mere preliminary flourish of the bow or rough practice of scales compared to the high virtuosity which Madame Karénine's new material in respect to the later imbroglio now enables us ever so gratefully to estimate. The protagonist's young children were in the Venetian crisis quite off the scene, and on occasions subsequent to the one we now glance at were old enough and, as we seem free to call it, initiated enough not to solicit our particular concern for them; whereas at the climax of the connection with Chopin they were of the perfect age (which was the fresh marriageable in the case of Solange) to engage our best anxiety, let alone their being of a salience of sensibility and temper to leave no one of their aspects negligible. That their parent should not have found herself conclusively "upset," sickened beyond repair, or otherwise morally bankrupt, on her having to recognize in her daughter's hideous perversity and depravity, as we learn these things to have been, certain inevitabilities of consequence from the social air of the maternal circle, is really a monumental fact in respect to our great woman's elasticity, her instinct for never abdicating by mere discouragement. Here in especial we get the broad male note—it being so exactly the manly part, and so very questionably the womanly, not to have to draw from such imputations of responsibility too crushing a self-consciousness. Of the extent and variety of danger to which the enjoyment of a moral tone could be exposed and yet superbly survive Madame Karénine's pages give us the measure; they offer us in action the very ideal of an exemplary triumph of character and mind over one of the very highest tides of private embarrassment that it is well possible to conceive. And it is no case of that *passive* acceptance of deplorable matters which has abounded in the history of women, even distinguished ones, whether to the pathetic or to the merely scandalous effect; the acceptance is active, constructive, almost exhilarated by the resources of affirmation and argument that it has at its command. The whole instance is sublime in its sort, thanks to the acuteness of *all* its illustrative sides, the intense interest of which loses nothing in the hands of our chronicler; who perhaps, however, reaches off into the vast vague of Chopin's native affiliations and references with an energy with which we find it a little difficult to keep step.

In speaking as we have done of George Sand's "use" of each twist of her road as it came—a use which we now recognize as the very thriftiest—we touch on that principle of vital health in her which made nothing that might by the common measure have been called one of the graver dilemmas, that is one of the checks to the continuity of life, really matter. What this felicity most comes to in fact is that doing at any cost the work that lies to one's hand shines out again and yet again as the saving secret of the soul. She affirmed her freedom right and left, but her most characteristic assertion of it throughout was just in the luxury of labor. The exhaustive account we at any rate now enjoy of the family life surrounding her during the years here treated of and as she had constituted it, the picture of all the queer conflicting sensibilities engaged, and of the endless ramifications and reflections provided for these, leaves us nothing to learn on that congested air, that obstructive medium for the range of the higher tone, which the lady of Nohant was so at her "objective" happiest, even if at her superficially, that is her nervously, most flurried and depressed, in bravely breast-

ing. It is as if the conditions there and in Paris during these several years had been consistently appointed by fate to throw into relief the applications of a huge facility, a sort of universal readiness, with a rare intelligence to back it. Absolutely nothing was absent, or with all the data *could* have been, that might have bewildered a weaker genius into some lapse of eloquence or of industry; everything that might have overwhelmed, or at least have disconcerted, the worker who could throw off the splendid "Lucrezia Floriani" in the thick of battle came upon her at once, inspiring her to show that on her system of health and cheer, of experimental economy, as we may call it, to be disconcerted was to be lost. To be lacerated and calumniated was in comparison a trifle; with a certain sanity of reaction these things became as naught, for the sanity of reaction was but the line of consistency, the theory and attitude of sincerity kept at the highest point. The artist in general, we need scarcely remind ourselves, is in a high degree liable to arrive at the sense of what he may have seen or felt, or said or suffered, by working it out as a subject, casting it into some form prescribed by his art; but even here he in general knows limits—unless perchance he be loose as Byron was loose, or possess such a power of disconnection, such a clear stand-off of the intelligence, as accompanied the experiments of Goethe. Our own experiments, we commonly feel, are comparatively timid, just as we can scarce be said, in the homely phrase, to serve our æsthetic results of them hot and hot; we are too conscious of a restrictive instinct about the conditions we may, in like familiar language, let ourselves in for, there being always the question of what we should be able "intellectually" to show for them. The life of the author of "Lucrezia Floriani" at its most active may fairly be described as an immunity from restrictive instincts more ably cultivated than any we know. Again and yet again we note the positive premium so put upon the surrender to sensibility, and how, since the latter was certain to spread to its maximum and to be admired in proportion to its spread, some surrender was always to have been worth while. "Lucrezia Floriani" ought to have been rather measurably bad—lucidity, harmony, maturity, definiteness of sense, being so likely to fail it in the troubled air in which it was born. Yet how can we do less than applaud a composition throwing off as it goes such a passage as the splendid group of pages cited by Madame Karénine from the incident of the heroine's causing herself to be rowed over to the island in her Italian lake on that summer afternoon when the sense of her situation had become sharp for her to anguish, in order to take stock of the same without interruption and see, as we should say to-day, where she is? The whole thing has the grand manner and the noblest eloquence, reaching out as it does on the spot to the lesson and the moral of the convulsions that have been prepared in the first instance with such complacency, and illustrating in perfection the author's faculty for the clear re-emergence and the prompt or, as we may call it, the paying reaction. The case is put for her here as into its final nutshell: you may "live" exactly as you like, that is live in perfect security and fertility, when such breadth of rendering awaits your simply sitting down to it. Is it not true, we say, that without her breadth our wonderful woman would have been "nowhere"? —whereas with it she is effectively and indestructibly at any point of her field where she may care to pretend to stand.

This biographer, I must of course note, discriminates with delicacy among

her heroine's felicities and mistakes, recognizing that some of the former, as a latent awkwardness in them developed, inevitably parted with the signs that distinguished them from the latter; but I think we feel, as the instances multiply, that no regret could have equalled for us that of our not having the display vivid and complete. Once all the elements of the scarce in advance imaginable were there it would have been a pity that they should not offer us the show of their full fruition. What more striking show, for example, than that, as recorded by Madame Karénine in a footnote, the afflicted parent of Solange should have lived to reproduce, or rather, as she would herself have said, to "arrange" the girlish character and conduct of that young person, so humiliating at the time to any near relation, let alone a mother, in the novel of "Mademoiselle Merquem," where the truth to the original facts and the emulation of the graceless prime "effects" are such as our author can vouch for? The fiction we name followed indeed after long years, but during the lifetime of the displeasing daughter and with an ease of reference to the past that may fairly strike us as the last word of superiority to blighting association. It is quiet as if the close and amused matching of the character and its play in the novel with the wretched old realities, those that had broken in their day upon the sacred maternal vision, had been a work of ingenuity attended with no pang. The example is interesting as a measure of the possible victory of time in a case where we might have supposed the one escape to have been by forgetting. Madame Sand remembers to the point of gratefully—gratefully as an artist—reconstituting; we in fact feel her, as the irrepressible, the "healthy" artist, positively to enjoy so doing. Thus it clearly defined itself for her in the fulness of time that, humiliating, to use our expression, as the dreadful Solange might have been and have incessantly remained, she herself had never in the least consented to the stupidity or sterility of humiliation. So it could be that the free mind and the free hand were ever at her service. A beautiful indifferent agility, a power to cast out that was at least proportioned to the power to take in, hangs about all this and meets us in twenty connections. Who of her readers has forgotten the harmonious dedication—her inveterate dedications have always, like her clear light prefaces, the last grace—of "Jeanne," so anciently, so romantically readable, to her faithful Berrichon servant who sits spinning by the fire? "Vous ne savez pas lire, ma paisible amie," but that was not to prevent the association of her name with the book, since both her own daughter and the author's are in happy possession of the art and will be able to pass the entertainment on to her. This in itself is no more than a sign of the writer's fine democratic ease, which she carried at all times to all lengths, and of her charming habit of speech; but it somehow becomes further illustrational, testifying for the manner in which genius, if it be but great enough, lives its life at small cost, when we learn that after all, by a turn of the hand, the "paisible amie" was, under provocation, bundled out of the house as if the beautiful relation had not meant half of what appeared. Françoise and her presence were dispensed with, but the exquisite lines remain, which we would not be without for the world.

The various situations determined for the more eminent of George Sand's intimate associates would always be independently interesting, thanks to the intrinsic appeal of these characters and even without the light reflected withal on the great agent herself; which is why poor Chopin's figuration in the

events of the year 1847, as Madame Karénine so fully reconstitutes them, is all that is wanted to point their almost nightmare quality. Without something of a close view of them we fail of a grasp of our heroine's genius —her genius for keeping her head in deep seas morally and reflectively above water, though but a glance at them must suffice us for averting this loss. The old-world quality of drama, which throughout so thickens and tones the air around her, finds remarkable expression in the whole picture of the moment. Every connection involved bristles like a conscious consequence, tells for all it is worth, as we say, and the sinister complexity of reference—for all the golden clearings-up that awaited it on the ideal plane—leaves nothing to be desired. The great and odd sign of the complications and convulsions, the alarms and excursions recorded, is that these are all the more or less direct fruits of sensibility, which had primarily been indulged in, under the doom of a preparation of them which no preparation of anything else was to emulate, with a good faith fairly touching in presence of the eventual ugliness. Madame Sand's wonderful mother, commemorated for us in "L'Histoire de ma Vie," with the truth surely attaching in a like degree to no mother in all the literature of so-called confession, had had for cousin a "fille entretenue" who had married a mechanic. This Adèle Brault had had in the course of her adventures a daughter in whom, as an unfortunate young relative, Madame Dupin had taken an interest, introducing her to the heiress of Nohant, who viewed her with favor—she appears to have been amiable and commendable—and eventually associated her with her own children. She was thus the third member of that illegitimate progeny with which the Nohant scene was to have become familiar, George Sand's natural brother on her father's side and her natural sister on her mother's representing this element from the earlier time on. The young Augustine, fugitive from a circle still less edifying, was thus made a companion of the son and the daughter of the house, and was especially held to compare with the latter to her great advantage in the matter of character, docility and temper. These young persons formed, as it were, with his more distinguished friend, the virtual family of Chopin during those years of specifically qualified domestication which affect us as only less of a mystification to taste than that phase of the unrestricted which had immediately preceded them. Hence a tangled tissue of relations within the circle that became, as it strikes us, indescribable for difficulty and "delicacy," not to say for the perfection of their impracticability, and as to which the great point is that Madame Sand's having taken them so robustly for granted throws upon her temperamental genius a more direct light than any other. The whole case belongs doubtless even more to the hapless history of Chopin himself than to that of his terrible friend—terrible for her power to flourish in conditions sooner or later fatal to weaker vessels; but is in addition to this one of the most striking illustrations possible of that view or theory of social life handed over to the reactions of sensibility almost alone, which, while ever so little the ideal of the Anglo-Saxon world, has largely governed the manners of its sister societies. It has been our view, very emphatically, in general, that the same and active social body—or, for that matter, the sane and active individual, addressed to the natural business of life—goes wrongly about it to *encourage* sensibility, or to do anything on the whole but treat it as of no prime importance; the traps it may lay for us, however, being really of the fewest in a race to which the very im-

agination of it may be said, I think, to have been comparatively denied. The imagination of it sat irremovably, on the other hand, and as a matter of course, at the Nohant fire side; where indeed we find the play and the ravage chiefly interesting through our thus seeing the delicate Chopin, whose semi-smothered appeal remains peculiarly pathetic, all helpless and foredoomed at the centre of the whirl. Nothing again strikes us more in the connection than the familiar truth that interesting persons make everything that concerns them interesting, or seldom fail to redeem from what might in another air seem but meanness and vanity even their most compromised states and their greatest wastes of value. Every one in the particular Nohant drama here exposed loses by the exposure—so far as loss could be predicated of amounts which, in general, excepting the said sensibility, were so scant among them; every one, that is, save the ruling spirit of all, with the extraordinary mark in her of the practical defiance of waste and of her inevitable enrichment, for our measure, as by reflection from the surrounding shrinkage. One of the oddest aspects of the scene is also one of the wretchedest, but the oddity makes it interesting, by the law I just glanced at, in spite of its vulgar side. How could it not be interesting, we ask as we read, to feel that Chopin, though far from the one man, was the one gentleman of the association, the finest set of nerves and scruples, and yet to see how little that availed him, in exasperated reactions, against mistakes of perverted sympathy? It is relevant in a high degree to our view of his great protectress as reducible at her best to male terms that she herself in this very light fell short, missed the ideal safeguard which for her friend had been preinvolved—as of course may be the danger, ever, with the creature so transmuted, and as is so strikingly exemplified, in the pages before us, when Madame Karénine ingenuously gives us chapter and verse for her heroine's so unqualified demolition of the person of Madame d'Agoult, devotee of Liszt, mother to be, by that token, of Richard Wagner's second wife, and sometime intimate of the author of "Isidora," in which fiction we are shown the parody perpetrated. If women rend each other on occasion with sharper talons than seem to belong on the whole to the male hand, however intendingly applied, we find ourselves reflect, parenthetically, that the loss of this advantage may well be a matter for them to consider when the new approximation is the issue.

The great sign of the Nohant circle, on all this showing, at any rate, is the intense personalism, as we may call it, reigning there, or in other words the vivacity, the acuity and irritability of the personal relations—which flourished so largely, we at the same time feel, by reason of the general gift for expression, that gift to which we owe the general superiority of every letter, from it scarce matters whom, laid under contribution by our author. How could people not feel with acuity when they could, when they had to, write with such point and such specific intelligence?—just indeed as one asks how letters could fail to remain at such a level among them when they incessantly generated choice matter for expression. Madame Sand herself is of course on this ground easily the most admirable, as we have seen; but every one "knows how" to write, and does it well in proportion as the matter in hand most demands and most rewards proper saying. Much of all this stuff of history seems indeed to have been susceptible of any amount of force of statement; yet we note all the while how in the case of the great mistress of the pen at least some shade of in-

trinsic beauty attends even the presentation of quite abominable facts. We can only see it as abominable, at least, so long as we have Madame Sand's words—which are somehow a different thing from her word—for it, that Chopin had from the first "sided" with the atrocious Solange in that play of her genius which is characterized by our chronicler as wickedness for the sake of wickedness, as art for the sake of art, without other logic or other cause. "Once married," says Madame Karénine, "she made a double use of this wickedness. She had always hated Augustine; she wished, one doesn't know why, to break off her marriage, and by calumnies and insinuations she succeeded. Then angry with her mother she avenged herself on her as well by further calumnies. Thereupon took place at Nohant such events that" —that in fine we stop before them with this preliminary shudder. The cross-currents of violence among them would take more keeping apart than we have time for, the more that everything comes back, for interest, to the intrinsic weight of the tone of the principal sufferer from them—as we see her, as we wouldn't for the world not see her, in spite of the fact that Chopin was to succumb scarce more than a year later to multiplied lacerations, and that she was to override, and reproduce and pre-appointedly flourish for long years after. If it is interesting, as I have pronounced it, that Chopin, again, should have consented to be of the opinion of Solange that the relations between her brother Maurice and the hapless Augustine were of the last impropriety, I fear I can account no better for this than by our sense that the more the *genius loci* has to feed her full tone the more our faith in it, as such a fine thing in itself, is justified. Almost immediately after the precipitated marriage of the daughter of the house has taken place, the Clésinger couple, avid and insolent, of a breadth of old time impudence in fact of which our paler day has lost the pattern, are back on the mother's hands, to the effect of a vividest picture of Maurice well-nigh in a death-grapple with his apparently quite monstrous "bounder" of a brother-in-law, a picture that further gives us Madame Sand herself smiting Clésinger in the face and receiving from him a blow in the breast, while Solange "boldly," with an iciness, indeed, peculiarly her own, fans the rage and approves her husband's assault, and while the divine composer, though for that moment much in the background, approves the wondrous approval. He still approves, to all appearance, the daughter's interpretation of the mother's wish to "get rid" of him as the result of an amorous design on the latter's part in respect of a young man lately introduced to the circle as Maurice's friend, and for the intimate relation with whom it is thus desirable that the coast shall be made clear. How else than through no fewer consistencies of the unedifying on the part of these provokers of the expressional reaction should we have come by innumerable fine epistolary passages, passages constituting in themselves verily such adornments of the tale, such notes in the scale of all the damaged dignity redressed, that we should be morally the poorer without them? One of the vividest glimpses indeed is not in a letter, but in a few lines from "L'Histoire de ma Vie," the composition of which was begun toward the end of this period and while its shadow still hung about—early in life for a projected autobiography, inasmuch as the author had not then reached her forty-fifth year. Chopin at work, improvising and composing, was apt to become a prey to doubts and depressions, so that there were times when to break in upon these was to render him a service.

"But it was not always possible to induce him to leave the piano, often so much more his torment than his joy, and he began gradually to resent my proposing he should do so. I never ventured on these occasions to insist. Chopin in displeasure was appalling, and as with me he always controlled himself it was as if he might die of suffocation."

It is a vision of the possibilities of vibration in such organisms that does in fact appal, and with the clash of vibrations, those both of genius and of the general less sanctioned sensibility, the air must have more than sufficiently resounded. Some eight years after the beginning of their friendship and the year after the final complete break in it she writes to Madame Pauline Viardot:

"Do you see Chopin? Tell me about his health. I have been unable to repay his fury and his hatred by hatred and fury. I think of him as of a sick, embittered, bewildered child. I saw much of Solange in Paris," the letter goes on, "and made her my constant occupation, but without finding anything but a stone in the place of her heart. I have taken up my work again while waiting for the tide to carry me elsewhere."

All the author's "authority" is in these few words, and in none more than in the glance at the work and the tide. The work and the tide rose ever as high as she would to float her, and wherever we look there is always the authority. "I find Chopin *magnificent*," she had already written from the thick of the fray, "to keep seeing, frequenting and approving Clésinger, who struck me because I snatched from his hands the hammer he had raised upon Maurice—Chopin whom every one talks of as my most faithful and devoted friend." Well indeed may our biographer have put it that from a certain date in May 1847 "the two *Leitmotive* which might have been called in the terms of Wagner the *Leitmotif* of soreness and the *Leitmotif* of despair—Chopin, Solange—sound together now in fusion, now in a mutual grip, now simply side by side, in all Madame Sand's unpublished letters and in the few (of the moment) that have been published. A little later a third joins in—Augustine Brault, a motive narrowly and tragically linked to the *basso obligato* of Solange." To meet such a passage as the following under our heroine's hand again is to feel the whole temper of intercourse implied slip straight out of our analytic grasp. The allusion is to Chopin and to the "defection" of which he had been guilty, to her view at the time when it had been most important that she might count on him. What we have first, as outsiders, to swallow down, as it were, is the state of things, the hysteric pitch of family life, in which any ideal of reticence, any principle, as we know it, of minding one's business, for mere dignity's sake if for none other, had undergone such collapse.

"I grant you I am not sorry that he has withdrawn from me the government of his life, for which both he and his friends wanted to make me responsible in so much too absolute a fashion. His temper kept growing in asperity, so that it had come to his constantly blowing me up, from spite, ill-humor and jealousy, in presence of my friends and my children. Solange made use of it with the astuteness that belongs to her, while Maurice began to give way to indignation. Knowing and seeing *la chasteté de nos rapports*, he saw also that the poor sick soul took up, without *wanting to* and perhaps without being able to help it, the attitude of the lover, the husband, the proprietor of my thoughts and actions. He was on the point of breaking out and telling him to his face that he was making me play, at forty-three years of age, a ridiculous part, and that it was an abuse of my kindness, my patience and my pity for his nervous morbid state. A few months more, a

few days perhaps, of this situation, and an impossible frightful struggle would have broken out between them. Foreseeing the storm, I took advantage of Chopin's predilections for Solange and left him to sulk, without an effort to bring him round. We have not for three months exchanged a word in writing, and I don't know how such a cooling-off will end."

She develops the picture of the extravagance of his sick irritability; she accepts with indifference the certainty that his friends will accuse her of having cast him out to take a lover; the one thing she "minds" is the force of evil in her daughter, who is the centre of all the treachery. "She will come back to me when she needs me, that I know. But her return will be neither tender nor consoling." Therefore it is when at the beginning of the winter of this same dreadful year she throws off the free rich summary of what she has been through in the letter to M. Charles Poncy already published in her Correspondence we are swept into the current of sympathy and admiration. The preceding months had been the heaviest and most painful of her life.

"I all but broke down under them utterly, though I had for long seen them coming. But you know how one is not always overhung by the evil portent, however clear one may read it—there are days, weeks, even whole months, when one lives on illusion and fondly hopes to divert the blow that threatens. It is always at last the most probable ill that surprises us unarmed and unprepared. To this explosion of unhappy underground germs joined themselves sundry contributive matters, bitter things too and quite unexpected; so that I am broken by grief in body and soul. I believe my grief incurable; for I never succeed in throwing it off for a few hours without its coming upon me again during the next in greater force and gloom. I nevertheless struggle against it without respite and if I don't hope for a victory which would have to consist of not feeling at all, at least I have reached that of still bearing with life, of even scarcely feeling ill, of having recovered my taste for work and of not showing my distress. I have got back outside calm and cheer, which are so necessary for others, and everything in my life seems to go on well."

We had already become aware, through commemorations previous to the present, of that first or innermost line of defence residing in George Sand's splendid mastery of the letter, the gift that was always so to assure her, on every issue, the enjoyment of the first chance with posterity. The mere cerebral and manual activity represented by the quantity no less than the quality of her outflow through the post at a season when her engagements were most pressing and her anxieties of every sort most cruel is justly qualified by Madame Karénine as astounding; the new letters here given to the world heaping up the exhibition and testifying even beyond the finest of those gathered in after the writer's death—the mutilations, suppressions and other freedoms then used, for that matter, being now exposed. If no plot of her most bustling fiction ever thickened at the rate at which those agitations of her inner circle at which we have glanced multiplied upon her hands through the later 'forties, so we are tempted to find her rather less in possession of her great *moyens* when handling the artificial presentation than when handling what we may call the natural. It is not too much to say that the long letter addressed to the cynical Solange in April '52, and which these pages give us *in extenso*, would have made the fortune of any mere interesting "story" in which one of the characters might have been presented as writing it. It is a document of the highest psychological value and a practical summary of all the elements of the

writer's genius, of all her indefeasible advantages; it is verily the gem of her biographer's collection. Taken in connection with a copious communication to her son, of the previous year, on the subject of his sister's character and vices, and of their common experience of these, it offers, in its ease of movement, its extraordinary frankness and lucidity, its splendid apprehension and interpretation of realities, its state, as it were, of saturation with these, exactly the kind of interest for which her novels were held remarkable, but in a degree even above their maximum. Such a letter is an effusion of the highest price; none of a weight so baffling to estimation was probably ever inspired in a mother by solicitude for a clever daughter's possibilities. Never surely had an accomplished daughter laid under such contribution a mother of high culture; never had such remarkable and pertinent things had to flow from such a source; never in fine was so urgent an occasion so admirably, so inimitably risen to. Marvellous through it all is the way in which, while a common recognition of the "facts of life," as between two perfectly intelligent men of the world, gives the whole diapason, the abdication of moral authority and of the rights of wisdom never takes place. The tone is a high implication of the moral advantages that Solange had inveterately enjoyed and had decided none the less to avail herself of so little; which advantages we absolutely believe in as we read—*there* is the prodigious part: such an education of the soul, and in fact of every faculty, such a claim for the irreproachable, it would fairly seem, do we feel any association with the great fluent artist, in whatever conditions taking place, inevitably, necessarily to have been. If we put ourselves questions we yet wave away doubts, and with whatever remnants of prejudice the writer's last word may often have to clash, our own is that there is nothing for grand final rightness like a sufficiently *general* humanity—when a particularly beautiful voice happens to serve it.

Henry James.

The Quarterly Review.

MEXICO FROM WITHIN. *

No country in the world has had more experience with Indians than the United States, yet, strange to say, the Administration at Washington seems to mistake Mexico for a Latin country, and to be unable to recognize the fact that it *is* an *Indian* country—*65 per cent* of the country's population being of *pure* Indian blood, possessing all the characteristics of the original North American Indian, and wishing only to be allowed to live out their own existence in their own way, not caring who governs the country and not wanting the white man's civilization. Their fathers and forefathers fought against civilization, and they seem determined to end the existence of their race without it. In their present state, robbed of their original, wild liberty, they adjust their lives to any existing government, making fairly good workmen in the fields—serving those who give them work, but resisting any effort to improve their habits or mode of life. In national matters this 65 per cent cannot be looked upon as an element or factor. They are drafted by force in-

* This contribution, by an English resident in Mexico, was taken to the United States to be posted, in order to avoid inspection by the Mexican authorities. All letters and telegrams from Mexico are liable to be inspected—hence the difficulty of obtaining reliable information about the condition of the country. It is hardly necessary to state that this article was written before the commencement of hostilities by the United States.—Editor, "Nineteenth Century and After."

to armies—and in various ways are made to serve the Government against their will.

Twenty per cent of Mexico's population is of mixed Indian and White (chiefly Spanish) blood—and from this 20 per cent come the Politician—the Agitator—the Revolutionist—the Government. Some have more Indian blood in their veins than others, but—however great or small the heritage in this respect—the antagonism to modern civilization seems reproduced, and they in no way represent the industries or interests of the country. Neither is this 20 per cent in any way concerned at the losses suffered when the country is in a state of revolution; yet they claim to own the country, and the right to run the Government, and it is for this supposed right that they are continually fighting among themselves. Generally speaking, this 20 per cent is made up of small retail traders (their limited capacity and want of ingenuity accounting no doubt for their not figuring in the higher scopes of commerce) and employés, occupying as a rule subordinate positions in business enterprises controlled by foreigners. A large number are employed in various Government branches throughout the Republic (being accommodated there for political reasons), and the army is largely officered from this 20 per cent. This section represents the element of resistance to be considered in case of a change of Government, but the opposition of these political agitators can be made to yield to law, and to pressure that is *resolved in purpose* to establish a Government that has probabilities of enduring—*not by an individual*, who cannot wield power always.

It is the remaining 15 per cent of White Mexicans and foreigners, representing as they do the wealth and industries of the country, who should come together—irrespective of nationality—and form a Government that would ensure stability and order. At first sight this may sound a bold and even impossible step—but are not all governments of the world ruled by the intelligent minorities representing the wealth and energy of their several countries? There is no valid reason for Mexico being an exception. White Governments have been set up, and the power of the Indian restricted in all other countries—such as the United States, Canada, Brazil, Argentine, Chili. What justification is there for Mexico remaining the only country on the American Continent governed by Indians? There is nothing in the country's history to show that the Indians themselves have ever done anything or made progress of any kind—on the contrary, they delight in ruthless destruction. During the 300 years of Spanish occupation the Spaniards developed mining and agriculture, and built up cities, but they could no more civilize the Indians than could Roger Williams and William Penn in the early days of the United States. Is it to be accepted as a fact that the Spaniards were *really* driven from the country, as the Mexicans claim, in the achievement of their (so-called) independence? It seems much more likely that having tired of the continued obstinacy and treachery of the Indian, recognizing the hopelessness of ever making a nation out of so hopeless a race, they gave up the task and the country in despair. The Indians have continued fighting among themselves ever since, with the exception of intervals when powerful leaders such as Yturbide and Santa Anna (of pure white blood), and Porfirio Diaz (supposedly one-eighth Indian) have succeeded in dominating. During these intervals industries would start up and thrive with the introduction of foreign capital and energy; but when evidences of age crept upon the leaders, then the agita-

tors (the *20 per cent*) would rise with cries of "Down with the Dictator"—"Death to Tyranny," and the like; either murdering (as in the case of Yturbide)—or expelling them the country as in the cases of Santa Anna and Porfirio Diaz. Indeed all Mexicans who have served their country well seem to have been expelled it—and practically all prominent ones are obliged to live out of it.

The expulsion of Porfirio Diaz may yet cost Mexicans their nationality. Diaz came at a moment when the people had practically torn themselves to pieces and were exhausted in a country they had wrecked, without prestige abroad or money at home; he undertook the stupendous task of building up a nation upon the derelict remaining, and the world knows how well he succeeded. With one hand he seems to have held down the turbulent 20 per cent, while with the other, aided by foreign capital and energy, which he invited to come in, he succeeded in building up a country that the world had every reason to believe would last; but the world had not reckoned with the Indian—the same "appreciative" people that harassed the Spaniards out of the country—the same that murdered Yturbide—that exiled Santa Anna and threatened even Diaz' life if he did not go.

Whether the dislike for foreigners—and Americans in particular—is growing worse by reason of the people really believing the political lies that are published and circulated, or whether it is envy and a reluctance to feel under obligations to foreigners, or a sensitive consciousness of racial inferiority, it is hard to tell. The fact remains, however, that the Political Agitators and Revolutionists—in other words, the 20 per cent—lead the people to believe that foreigners, especially Americans, covet their country; both sides raising a banner of imaginary treachery and horrible terrors, both sides making appeals for support of their "patriotic" cause.

Surely the question whether Mexicans can govern themselves has been clearly answered—in the negative—and unless the 15 per cent white people of Mexico will make the effort to establish a Government in the country—physically assisted, if necessary, by the civilized Governments of the world—the latter cannot continue to stand by indifferently and see these people slaughtering themselves in a war that has no standard but anarchy, no object but loot and personal aggrandizement.

In the hope that the 15 per cent will come forward in an endeavor to do their duty—a duty owing not only to themselves but to their country—one is met by a distressing discouragement in the apparent apathy of the youth of the Mexican aristocracy and better families. They appear to discuss the situation with excitement, and rouse themselves to a pitch of indignation, but that is all; yet there are enough young Mexicans in Mexico City alone to put down a revolution, given the lead, an organization, and ordinary patriotism. The sterner stuff to be found in the youth of other countries *does* exist here, but lacks initiative, and requires only the lead. It would have not only the sympathy but the material and moral *help* of the United States and Europe; and if they be not up and doing with promptitude, intervention is inevitable, with the loss of Mexican autonomy, a step which the great majority of American and European people would prefer to see avoided, if it be possible by legitimate means.

If, unfortunately, the 15 per cent will not come forward, and, however unfortunately, the United States Government be forced to take up the task of "cleaning house," it must not be imagined that the undertaking will be

such as many newspapers have pictured; requiring, as they suggest, 250,000 or 500,000 men to invade Mexico—and a generation of years to put it in order. A glance at Mexico's history of foreign wars, a regard for the deficiency in modern fighting methods of the Mexican Indian, and Mexico's present bankrupt condition, should assist one to form an opinion as to the possibility of her resisting an invasion. Cortez, in the sixteenth century, with a few men comparatively, defeated the millions of Indians found in this valley; and for 300 years, with only small armies of occupation at a time, the Spaniard kept them under control and subjection. In 1836 a mere handful of Texans defeated the thousands of Mexican soldiers sent to make them submit to arbitrary federal laws against which they had protested, and the result was Texas' independence. In 1838 some 3000 French marines captured Vera Cruz and kept it until the Mexicans paid a debt previously refused. In 1847-8 the United States of America enlisted 32,000 soldiers for the fight with Mexico, but not more than 18,000 of them were ever in active service at any one time. With less than 6000 men General Taylor defeated Santa Anna's well-equipped army of 22,000 at Buena Vista; while Scott, with 7000, routed 30,000 Mexicans in the Valley of Mexico and took the City. The Americans did not lose a battle, nor were they repulsed in any during the war—yet they were outnumbered five to one. The valor of the Mexican officer is unquestioned—but the futility of making Indian soldiers fight a disciplined army must be pointed out.

In 1864 less than 30,000 French soldiers invaded Mexico and established the Maximilian Empire, and, had the United States not requested Napoleon to withdraw his troops, that Empire would probably be the needed white man's Government to-day.

Alfred Curphey.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

OUR ALTY.

CHAPTER XII.

"I never did see sich a fidgety gentleman as yon at the bungalow," grumbled Mrs. Orrell. "Why can't he send all his washin' beginnin' o' week, an' have it back at the end, same as anybody else? Here's twice he's axed for a clean shirt, an' washin' nobbut coom Monday, an' Toosday yo' had to go trapesin' up to fetch they handkerchers. What's the meanin' on't?"

"Eh, I reckon he wants 'em," rejoined Alty lamely. "I don't mind runnin' up wi' 'em, Grandma. I'd as soon have a traycle butty as anything else for my dinner an' eat it as I go along."

"Don't yo' go messin' the shirt though—best have a cheese butty as'll not make yo' sticky—else maybe we'll be havin' this shirt back on our hands."

Mrs. Orrell folded up the shirt and Dennis Royton's three fine handkerchiefs in a blue and white check cloth, while Alty cut herself the two thick slices of bread and butter with the modicum of cheese between which constitute the cheese butty familiar to every school child in rural Lancashire. Taking the bundle in one hand and the substantial sandwich in the other, she set forth, following, as usual, the path which led to her destination somewhat circuitously through the fields.

When she reached the verge of the sand-hills, she was hailed, somewhat to her surprise, by Dennis Royton.

"Alty, I say, wait a bit! Don't go

up to the bungalow. Let's sit down here in this little hollow where we can't be seen."

"There's nobry about, 'tis dinner-time," rejoined she. "I've been eatin' mine as I come along."

"What is it—bread and cheese?" he asked, an expression of slightly disgusted surprise crossing his face.

"Aye, it makes least mess, yo' know. We was havin' toad-in-the-hole for dinner, but I come away wi'out mine. I mustn't stay long neither. What's to do? Yo' look worrited."

"I am worried," he rejoined, passing his hand across his brow. "It's the most ridiculous thing," he explained, in a vexed tone. "My mother—never knew such a fusser as my mother is! —she's sent down a woman from home to look after me."

"A woman from your home!" repeated Alty, astonished.

"Yes. You see, the mater nearly goes into fits if she doesn't know all I'm doing, and I had to say I was staying at the bungalow—talked about fresh air and the simple life, you know—I thought she'd be pleased, confound it! I told her how I was being looked after by the hotel people. I fancied she'd be satisfied with that, but now she goes and sends my old nurse down."

"Your nurse!" exclaimed Alty, beginning to laugh. "That seems foonny!"

"Of course I mean she *was* my nurse," explained Dennis, with wrathful dignity. "She does a little mending and that sort of thing at home—mixes Sanatogen and other little messes for my mother—she's quite a decent cook. My mother thought I'd be charmed at the idea of having her to look after me."

"Well, I reckon she *will* make yo' more comfortable," observed Alty.

"Comfort be hanged! She'll tattle every single thing I do off to my mother. You'd better trot back with that bundle, Alty—Burgess'll smell a rat if she sees you."

"Nay, but I can't," returned Alty with a scared look. "Grandma 'ud be wantin' to know why I hadn't left washin'. She's been workin' extra hard to get it done—she'd be mad if she thought yo' wasn't expectin' it. I reckon I'd best take it to door an' say I've brought it same as I do for anybody else."

"Well then, do," he returned dejectedly. "I'll wait here till you come back."

But when Alty reached the bungalow and duly tapped at the door, she received no answer. Finding that her repeated knocks met with no response, she turned the handle and went boldly in. The little house was empty.

"The owd body 'ull have gone up to the hotel for summat," she said to herself, "or maybe to station to fetch her things. Eh, 'tis a bonny little place."

She looked round at the trim neat room, where everything in fact was spick and span and new, and thought with a sigh of Dennis's dream about its being their home. How she would have loved to polish that little stove, to cook, and sweep, and clean for her husband, and then when her work was done, to sit and sew for him while he sang to her.

The cuckoo clock on the right of the door, striking the half-hour, roused her from her reverie.

"I must be gettin' back," she reflected. "I'd best put these things away for him, as there's nobry about."

Pushing open the door which led into the bedroom, she proceeded to unpin her bundle and to pull out, one by one, the drawers in the chest in the corner, with a view for ascertaining the proper receptacles for shirts and handkerchiefs; all at once a step behind her made her start, and she turned to meet the astonished gaze of a spare elderly woman.

"Whatever are you doin' huntin' among Mr. Royton's things?" inquired the latter sharply.

"I've coom wi' the washin'," Alty hastened to explain. "I thought I'd best put it away as there was nobry i' the house."

"Put it away indeed! I distinctly saw you fingering his neckties! Perhaps you'd have liked to help yourself to one of them. Why, that's his very sash, the sash he wears when he plays tennis, in your hand now."

Alty had indeed taken a certain guileless pleasure in examining Dennis's possessions, and had experienced a pardonable curiosity on discovering the last-named article of adornment.

"Eh, I didn't ought to ha' touched it," she owned humbly, "but I was but lookin' at it—I wasn't meanin' any harm."

"I've only your word for that," said the other woman suspiciously. "It's a funny thing, anyway, to come into a gentleman's bedroom without leave. If I did step out for a moment, an' you got no answer to your knock, you should have left the washin' just inside the door."

"I'll do that next time," said Alty quickly.

"There'll be no next time," retorted the other. "I've come to look after Mr. Dennis, an' look after him I will. There'll be no unfair advantage taken of him while I'm about."

She threw such a world of meaning into her voice that she scared Alty.

"She must ha' seen us talkin' in the hollow," she said to herself; which was indeed the case.

"Good day to yo'," she observed aloud, mechanically, as she left the house.

Burgess made no rejoinder except an inarticulate grunt; but she stood watching Alty from the doorway with the determined air of one seeing an unwelcome visitor off the premises. The girl walked rapidly away, her head hanging, her cheeks burning, and feeling unaccountably ashamed. The woman had looked at her as if she were downright wicked; but no doubt she oughtn't to have touched the young gentleman's things—Alty still called her lover "the young gentleman" in her thoughts—or made her way into his room when he wasn't there to give her leave.

She found Dennis waiting for her in the hollow.

"Well," he cried, "was Burgess there?"

"Not when I first went in," rejoined she. "Door was open, but there wasn't nobry there, so I went my ways in, an' began puttin' away washin' in your chest o' drawers, an' she coom on me i' th' middle."

"Oh, bother!" he exclaimed, vexed. "You'd have done better not to have gone into my room, Alty."

"I—I—did but think it 'ud be nice to put your things away," said she, faltering. "I liked the feelin' I was doin' a little job for yo'."

Dennis immediately made what he conceived to be the proper response—and Alty was vaguely comforted.

"Darling, it's sweet of you to like doing things for me," he sighed presently; "and, oh, why can't they let us alone! We only want to be happy in our own way—just to be allowed to love each other—just to be together!"

"It's mich if ever we're allowed to be together again," groaned Alty. "Yon woman—she said she'd coom to look after yo'."

"I dare say she was spying on us while we were talking here, just now," said he, with a look of annoyance and also perturbation. "Let's run right down to the shore and round the bend, shall we? She won't follow us as far as that."

Leading the way he hurried along with strides that carried him swiftly

over the dwarf willow and wimberry bushes, more slowly over the sandy places where the star-grass grew sparsely; then, quickly again, along the shore which afforded firmer footing, being wet from the receding tide. Alty sped after him scarcely less rapidly. At last they drew breath behind the shoulder of a dune, hollowed out by a succession of high autumnal tides, and practically bare of grass or bush. Here they sat side by side on the warm crumbling sand, and looked each other in the face.

Alty's run had heightened her color, and ruffled the hair about her brow; her eyes shone like stars; her mouth was lovely in its pathos.

"Alty, you know," said Dennis, "we have come to a crisis in our fate. I can't live without you, yet I feel that from this moment every possible barrier will be raised between us. That meddlesome old woman will make mischief as sure as anything. You may think it's silly to dread that an old woman should alter the course of one's life—but after all, the Fates were old women—the Furies were old women—there is nothing remarkable in the fact of Burgess having it in her power to cut the golden thread of our happiness and to work an evil spell."

Alty's scholastic career had been brief, and possibly incomplete, for it did not include the study of mythology, and the aptness of Dennis's similitude was therefore lost on her; but she understood that Mrs. Burgess was to be counted as an enemy.

"If yo' reckon she can do us all that harm," she said, "why don't yo' pack her about her business?"

Dennis was somewhat taken aback.

"I couldn't do that without hurting my mother's feelings," he began lamely.

"Well, soombry's feelin's has got to be hurt," returned Alty, sifting the sand with her fingers.

"That's true," observed Dennis doubtfully. "Mine, for instance, will be simply crushed, and yours, my sweetheart—it breaks my heart to think of your suffering——"

Alty raised her eyes and looked at him.

"If it breaks your heart why don't yo' do summat?" she said. "Yo're past the age for havin' a nurse lookin' arter yo'—but 'tis what she said. 'I'm here to look arter Mr. Dennis, an' look arter him I will'—same as if yo' was a little lad in petticoats instead of a grown man."

There was just the faintest hint of scorn in Alty's voice, but it was enough to put Dennis on his mettle. He was, moreover, young enough to be piqued by the allusion to his years.

"I can certainly send Burgess away," he rejoined quickly; "but of course that puts an end to any hope of intercourse between us here. I shall have my people landing up to inquire into the matter. Oh, if you knew how sick I am of being always taken care of, and looked after, and molly-coddled! I've a mind to take my life in my own hands for once. But you must help me, Alty. You must marry me straight off. I'll send Burgess about her business to-day and you and I will go to Liverpool to-morrow and be married there—then we'll slip away together for our honeymoon."

"Eh," cried Alty, dazzled for a moment by the daring prospect, "we might go to the Isle of Man—they'd never think of lookin' for us there!"

"And I've never been to the Isle of Man," cried Dennis joyously. "It would be rather a lark."

"But can we get married wi'out banns is put up?" asked Alty. "An' then there's Grandma!"

Her face clouded over.

"Now look here," rejoined Dennis, once more eager and masterful. "I'm throwing over everything for you—my home, my parents, my career—I might

have gone into Parliament, you know, if the other business had come off. I haven't let them weigh for an instant in the balance against *you*. It is *your* turn to make some sacrifice for me. Can't you put your hands in mine as I dreamed you did, and trust yourself and all that belongs to you to me? Once we have made it impossible for anyone to separate us we can plan for the future."

"Mrs. Fazackerly would maybe see as Grandma wanted for nothin' for the time I was away," murmured Alty, half to herself.

"You can write to her once we have got safely off," returned he, "but till then, remember—not a word to anyone!"

"I'll not say a word," promised Alty, "I'll make my little bundle at arter Grandma's gone to bed. Eh, dear o' me, I wonder whatever she'll say!"

"You can send her a telegram after the deed's done. Come, Alty, I don't want to brag or anything like that, but, after all, I'm not precisely a bad match for you, am I?—I mean, I don't suppose your Grandmother would be likely to look higher, as they say."

"Eh, I know I'm not good enough for yo'," said Alty.

She sat still trying to adjust her ideas. She—Alty—a lady, and Grandma still living in the little cot on the edge of the delf. No, Dennis would, of course, let her have Grandma living near her, he had told her to trust everything to him. There would surely be room in that beautiful place of his for one little old woman.

Dennis sat looking at her. What a beautiful unspoilt creature she was; how splendid her vitality, how charming in her softer moods, how fascinating when, as now, yielding to his will! And to-morrow she would be his.

He shut his eyes resolutely to all consequences, and gave himself up to the glamour of the present, and to the contemplation of that immediate future which should be all delirious bliss. After all, this act of his was cutting the Gordian knot indeed: Alty and he, irrevocably joined, could face more dangerous foes than his doting parents, and could afford to snap their fingers at any oncoming American heiress. She would have to seek her prey elsewhere—that was all. Meanwhile, Alty and he could love each other and be happy.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Hullo, Alty, why, wheer are yo' off to?"

John Fazackerly, reining up the black mare looked down in amazement from his seat in the "trap" on the figure of Alty Orrell, who thus early in the forenoon—for it wanted yet some minutes of ten o'clock—was stepping briskly along the road which led to the station, clad in her Sunday "blacks," and carrying a brown paper parcel.

"I'm on my road to Liverpool," rejoined she, walking on, and speaking very briefly.

"Well, that's news," said John, gently touching the mare so that she paced alongside. "Shoppin'?" he inquired after a moment.

"Ah," answered Alty, "there's a sale at Foster's. All sorts—goin' very cheap."

It was indeed with the promise of securing some of the alluring bargains to be obtained at this particular sale, that Alty had persuaded Mrs. Orrell to allow her to go to Liverpool. It had been impossible to escape the old lady's vigilance that morning; out of "contrariness," as her granddaughter mentally averred, she had risen early, followed the girl persistently while she performed her household tasks, and giving her no chance of making her escape before breakfast, as she had originally intended. Alty had contrived to send a note to Dennis by

the postman, who passed through the village before proceeding to the hamlet in the sand-hills.

"Grandma an' me does the gentleman's washin'," she explained, as she handed the document to the man; a subterfuge which caused her much inward shame.

This missive set forth the impediment cast in her way and requested her lover to meet her at "Foster's," where she did indeed intend to make sundry purchases for her Grandmother before delivering herself up into Dennis's hands.

"Well, then, Alty," remarked John, struck by a sudden thought, "how'd it be if yo' was to nip up here aside o' me? I'm drivin' into town now. It'll save ye your fare and yo'll fancy the ride."

"Oh, no, thank yo', Mester Fazackerly," she returned quickly, "I'd be fillin' up trap for nothin'. I don't mind the walk, an' the fare is but thrippence."

But John, pulling up, had already extended a large hand.

"Get up," he commanded. "Thrippence is thrippence—yo' can't afford to throw good brass away, an' yon parcel is heavy to carry a mile."

Alty climbed in meekly, but much perturbed. John, taking her parcel from her, and balancing it on his forefinger, exclaimed at its weight.

"Why, whatever ha' you got inside?" he inquired.

"Boots," said Alty, blushing again at her duplicity, for the parcel contained other things besides boots.

"I should have thought Joe Blanchard could have mended them for yo' as well as another," observed John, in an offended tone, for he was hurt at what he deemed a slight to local talent.

The mare was now going at her best pace, her long swinging strides carrying them over the ground at a prodigious rate. John presently smiled to himself.

"Yo'll find this 'ere mare 'ull get yo' to town as quick as train would," he observed.

Alty made an inarticulate rejoinder.

"Countin' o' course the time it 'ud ha' took yo' to walk to station," he added.

"Maybe so," said Alty, in a dispirited tone.

He looked at her. Anxiety and the inward sense of doing something wicked and desperate, had paled the cheeks usually so round and rosy, and cast shadows beneath the blue eyes. John, after staring reflectively for a full minute, inquired:

"Down in the mouth, lass?"

She gave a little jerk of the head which might have been either negative or affirmative, and after a further pause he said, with a change of tone:

"Yo' can take the reins, if yo' like, Alty. I'd like to see what hand yo'd make o' drivin' this mare."

Under no conceivable circumstances could Alty have resisted such an invitation. Changing seats with her companion she took possession of whip and reins, first taking the precaution of drawing off a pair of openwork thread gloves, which John now noticed for the first time. Examining her more attentively as they sped along he noted further that the girl's mourning had been enlivened by sundry festal adornments. There was a bow of white lace at the collar of her dress, a white flower pinned among the crape trimmings of her hat; the gloves recently discarded were also white. Alty had not dared to make these additions to her toilet till safely out of Grandma's reach—under a hedge, in fact—with the result that the bow was worn somewhat awry and the flower clumsily pinned in.

"Summat's up," said John to himself.

For the next mile or two they proceeded in silence, Alty exhilarated in spite of herself by the swift motion and the confidence which her master had displayed in her prowess, John thoughtful and not a little perturbed. If Alty had glanced at him she would have been struck by the tender, anxious expression of his face, but it was her custom to throw herself wholly into the occupation of the moment, and could she have wrested her thoughts from the performance of the black mare they would doubtless have turned to Dennis.

Presently John's voice startled her.

"I've got a nice little plan in my head, Alty," he said cheerfully.

"Have yo'?" rejoined she.

"Ah, yo' don't get out o' doors enough now, I reckon, an' my mother don't get enough out o' doors."

"Mrs. Fazackerly never gets out, does she?" remarked Alty, ignoring the allusion to herself.

"No, and it 'ud do her good. I'm thinkin' o' buyin' a four-wheel, wi' a very low step, an' a wide seat. Yo' could take her out two or three times a week wi' Snowball, since yo're so fond o' drivin'. How would ye like that?"

"I don't know how Mrs. Fazackerly 'ud like it," said Alty awkwardly. After a pause she added: "Happen she wouldn't mind if Joe drove her."

"Nay," said John gruffly, "if I get it at all, it's for yo' to drive her out."

As the girl, confused and touched, made no answer, he added:

"Yo've been too much shut up lately, by the look of yo'—I must get yo' out some road."

The black mare made a plunge, and John caught the reins, for in her perturbation Alty had slackened her hold.

"Eh, Mester Fazackerly," she said, "it's good o' yo' to ha' thought o' that—it's too good. I don't deserve it."

"Well, will yo' do it?" asked John. "I'll have a look round an' see if I can't pick up a second-hand four-wheel trap while I'm in town, if yo' fancy the notion. I'll take yo' wi' me to see it if yo' like."

"Eh, Mester Fazackerly," cried Alty; she dropped the reins altogether, and covered her face with her hands. Presently from between her fingers came the sobbing words: "I don't want—no four-wheel—not now."

There was a world of regret in her tone: not only remorseful anticipation of the shock it would be to this good kind man, when the knowledge of the elopement which he was unwittingly abetting came to his ears, but a genuine sense of the loss which she was incurring. If they had not been obliged to do things in such a hurry, if Dennis could have courted her openly like any other lover and they had kept company for a year or two, it would have been nice to have gone with Mr. Fazackerly to choose that four-wheel, and to drive out in state in a trap which was practically her own.

"Coom," said John, with deep concern, "whatever's to do, Alty?"

His tone was so kind, his sympathy so genuine, that Alty yearned to tell him all about the situation in which she found herself; but loyalty to Dennis, and the memory of the solemn promise made to him, forbade it. She could only shake her head, force back her tears, and murmur disconsolately: "'Tis no use, Mester Fazackerly."

"How's that—no use?" queried John.

"I can't go wi' yo' to choose that four-wheel," said Alty dejectedly. "Nor yet drive it," she added, after a gloomy pause.

"How's that?" inquired John again.

But now Alty took refuge in the wooden silence which had saved her on a previous occasion, and which John realized there was no chance of breaking.

He restored the reins to her hands,

issued a few brief directions as to the course the mare was to take, and then spoke no more till they reached Liverpool.

"Now, where's this yo' want to go," he inquired.

"Foster's," replied she. "I'll find my way easy from here."

"No," returned John authoritatively, "yo'd get lost as like as not. I'm comin' wi' yo'. I'll wait while yo' do your shoppin'."

"But what'll yo' do wi' the trap?" asked she; then, correcting herself quickly, "I'd be sorry to keep yo' waitin' in the trap, Mester Fazackerly, I've a deal to do."

"I'll put up trap," returned he. "But I've a bit o' business to do first—here in Castle Street. Yo'll hold mare while I'm inside, Alty."

"If yo'll not be long," said Alty miserably. "I've a deal to do, Mester Fazackerly," she repeated lamely.

"Eh, I'll not be so long," rejoined he. "Pull up here. Yo've no need to feel afeard. The mare doesn't mind trams."

John, however, kept watch from the window of the office, where he remained some time in colloquy with his lawyer, less because he feared any accident to horse or vehicle than because of the anxiety with which the girl's demeanor had inspired him.

There was "summat up"—something for which Alty herself was not responsible, some meeting, perhaps, which boded her no good. If John could prevent it, this meeting should not take place.

His business being transacted and the mare put up, he piloted Alty safely through the streets until they reached Foster's, a great mart in which she hoped to escape the vigilance of her guardian.

But John refused to wait outside, or at the door, or even to inspect the cutlery department, which might be supposed to wile away his time more attractively than those at which Alty made her small purchases. He accompanied her from counter to counter, watching her with lynx' eyes while she bethought herself, and unbethought herself, as to her needs, and extracted from her purse, with trembling fingers, the few small coins which she had brought with her.

Meanwhile Dennis was, no doubt, waiting outside the main door, impatiently counting the moments.

As she turned away from the hardware counter she plucked up her courage and appealed desperately:

"Mester Fazackerly, I'd a deal sooner yo' went away. 'Tisn't a man's job to be lookin' on at a wench's shoppin'. I'm reet—I can't lose mysel' now. Theer's a tram outside as goes straight to station."

"And what about yon parcel?" inquired John, designating it with his thumb: "What are yo' goin' to do about that?"

"That's nobry's business but my own," retorted Alty. "Yo' go away, Mester Fazackerly—I'm fair moidered."

"My lass, I have my reasons," said John firmly.

The part he was playing was distasteful to himself, but no other occurred to him. The girl's increasing agitation confirmed his suspicions.

"Well, I'm goin' out o' this now, as how 'tis," cried she. "If yo' want to coom yo'll coom, I suppose. I don't know what pleasure it can be to anybody to take a girl in charge same as if he was a policeman."

She marched out of the shop, John, big and dogged, following at her heels. On reaching the street she cast a quick glance round. There, as she anticipated, was the familiar boyish figure, gazing, not towards the door as she had expected, but down the street. Alty finally stamped her foot: she was

bound by her promise to Dennis not to betray his secret to John Fazackerly, but as long as that young man continued to gaze obstinately in the wrong direction, it would be impossible to call his attention by signs to the plight in which she found herself.

"Want a cab, or will tram do?" suggested John.

Alty made a few steps towards Dennis and then, raising her voice, said loudly: "I want to go home. I must go home—I can't help it."

Royton was still wool-gathering, still craning his neck, absorbed, it seemed, in watching the further end of the street.

"If yo' want to go home yo've turned your back on it then," remarked John. "Coom, we's take tram as far as the yard where mare's put up. Coom, be quick, else it won't wait."

A tram had indeed halted a short distance from them, and the farmer, now taking Alty by the elbow, hurried her towards it. In a moment she tumbled into the first vacant place, John beside her, and the car went on, the girl straining her eyes to catch a final glimpse of her oddly obtuse lover, and noting that his back was still resolutely turned.

She restrained herself until seated once more by John's side in the gig, when he politely offered her the reins.

"Nay, I don't want 'em," she cried, her voice trembling with wrath. "Yo've played me a reet down nasty trick, Mester Fazackerly. I'm drivin' back wi' yo' because I can't help mysel', but I'll never ha' nowt more to do wi' yo'."

"Coom up," said John to the mare.

When they had left Liverpool behind, and traversed Bootle, and, after passing through the various other towns which cling on to the great commercial centre, found themselves at length upon a genuine country road, he turned to her, answering the remark which had been made some half-hour previously.

"I'm sorry to hear yo' say that, lass," he observed.

"I can't say nowt different," cried Alty vehemently. "I never knowed nobry spy same as yo'—jest out o' spite! I reckon yo' hate me."

"Nay," said Fazackerly seriously. "nay, I don't hate yo', Alty—far from it."

"Well, then, I hate yo'!" said Alty conclusively. "I'll look out for another place—see if I don't!—If I'm here," she added, to herself.

But of course she would be there, Dennis could never be expected to forgive her. To think of him standing there, watching for her, so eagerly, all that time while she was "wearing her brass" on things she didn't want, in the hope of exhausting Farmer Fazackerly's patience.

"An' will yo' come to me for a character, Alty?" asked John.

"I hope I know better nor that," she cried angrily. "There'd be little use in coomin' to ask for a character fro' anybody as has sich a poor opinion o' me as yo' seem to have—thinkin' me not fit to be trusted."

"Yo're makin' a mistake," said John. "Nobry has a higher opinion o' yo' nor me, lass. If ever yo' want a good character I'd advise yo' to send for me. I hope it'll not coom to that."

"I don't know, I'm sure," rejoined Alty.

The phrase is generally used as an unanswerable argument among Lancashire disputants; but John did not seem to find it conclusive.

"A lass met be the best i' th' world, an' the most trustworthy i' th' world," he observed in an impersonal manner, "an' yet she met make mistakes."

He paused, and presently continued without looking at her:

"An' when a good lass runs a risk

o' makin' a mistake, them as thinks best of her must look arter her. That's how 'tis. Coom up, mare."

As he spoke he stretched out one large foot and pushed with it Alty's parcel which lay on the floor of the trap between them. Alty felt herself reddening. How much did he guess?

But soon surmises as to John's suspicions were lost in miserable speculation with regard to Dennis's state of mind.

(*To be continued.*)

FREDERI MISTRAL.

At all times the pedagogical problem which seems to be the most important in human science has prepossessed the men who loved their country and were interested in its welfare.[1] Consequently, every regime sought to direct education according to its conceptions concerning man's general nature and the special destiny of a nation. The Middle Ages saw in man, before all, the Christian, and strove to guide his soul towards eternal aspirations. The seventeenth century cultivated universal qualities, which constitute an honest man and *l'homme comme il faut*. After Cartesius the mind was developed before everything. From about 1792 politics became the almost exclusive preoccupation, and centralization waged a cruel war with provincial life. In France the centralizing regimes were Richelieu, Louis XIV., the Convention, Napoleon, and finally the Republic. We lived under that fallacious doctrine until well into the nineteenth century, when an important poetical movement, started at first in Provence by *literati* fond of the language of their countries, appeared in the ancient provinces of Southern France. This movement was a sudden blossoming of dialect literature, the consequence of which is an ardent desire for individual provincial life, for the preservation of ancient customs and manners, language and traditions, that were disappearing under the gray billows of uniform, monotonous modern tendencies erroneously called civilization. Provence, the land that first gave the world a literature after the decay of the classic, had provided such an impulse to *belles lettres*, especially through Count Béranger and Raymond Count de Tholose (Toulouse), that the Italians were obliged to acknowledge in all honesty—as did Bembo in his prose, and Spero Sperone in his dialogue of languages, as well as Aequicola in his books of love, and as one can see in the work of Dante, *lequel embelist une partie de ses écrits de plusieurs traits mi partis du Provençal que François*[2]—that they held their poetry from ours. But Provence was entirely eclipsed after the gory Albigensian war. This obscuration, however, does not mean that the Provençal language was not used by men of talent,[3] for Saboly composed in it his quaint *Noëls* sung all over the region of the Rhône, and Jasmin's poetry was known among those who love culture through Sainte-Beuve's appreciation and Longfellow's rendering of his work into English, but certainly it had not its former importance and splendor. The particularist spirit of the musical *langue d'oc*—comprising the Provençal, the Languedoc, the Gascon, the Limousin, the Bearnais, and the Catalan dialects or *langues romanes*—resisted all the influences and assaults of the *langue d'oïl*

[1] Montaigne, "Essais." L.I. chap. xxv.

[2] Etienne Pasquier, "Les Recherches."

[3] M. E. Koschwitz, "Ueber die provenzalischen Fellber und ihre Vorgaenger." Berlin, 1894.

so well that to-day it is more beautiful than it was in the time of the Troubadours and of the *Jochs florals* of King René, of Bertrand de Born, of Adelaïde de Toulouse, and of Clémence Isaure. Joseph Roumanille, son of a gardener, occupying the modest post of a *surveillant* in a country college, was an unconscious precursor of this very important literary, linguistic, and especially ethnic and patriotic movement, whilst Frederi Mistral's ardent and far-reaching impulse made him its immortal founder and great leader. Mistral deserves rightly the qualificative of great, for he personifies, and is a cause and effect of an epoch; he is one of those few men in the history of the world who can say of themselves, as Dante did: "I am a million, I am a whole nation, I am its whole hope and pain, its death and triumph, I am the whole period of history."

* * * * *

Frederi Mistral—his name is that of the wind which blows occasionally but violently on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea—was born in 1830 in the heart of Provence, in a village called Maiano, situated at the foot of the Alps, near Arlès and the Rhône not far from Aix, by Saint-Rémy renowned for its Roman monuments, and by Baux, the marvellous mediæval town of Southern France. Usually we confuse in our minds Provence with the South of fashion, the South of luxury, *la Côte d'azure* with its new towns and cosmopolitan population, the productive and commercial South, the country situated to the West of the Rhône where they cultivate the vine and live well—when the year is full of abundance—on the fertile soil. This is not Mistral's Provence. The true Provence is a *canton* bounded by the Rhône, the sea, and the first heights of the Alps, with its capitals Arlès and Aix, a narrow country as was Greece, and as poor as was ancient Hellas, a country with a few valleys and the alluvial plain of Camargue, a rocky country where rises in narrow terraces the land saved from land-slips, on which they grow mean olive and almond trees, whose vernal flowers are often nipped by freezing mistral; but also like Greece, it is a country where the dazzling sun is never clouded, a country with pure and blue sky, a country resplendent with light, a country with white houses and dusty roads, with mountains painted at sunset with all the colors of the rainbow; a country full of perfume, where rocks disappear under evergreen genista, scented thyme, blooming heather, odorous lavender, and pungent rosemary; a country of *farniente*, of delightful laziness, of sobriety and simplicity; a country of songs, of carelessness, and of love.

In his *Memoirs* Mistral describes with great simplicity his childhood spent on his father's farm, living an antique life, *en famille* with domestics, sharing with them the work in the fields, the care of beasts of burden, the vigils during which the heart, the imagination and the sentiments played freely and gracefully. It was in that rustic, familiar, and traditional surrounding that Mistral was formed, his only distractions being the recital of the events and adventures of his father's campaign, the excursions to old places in the country, the description of a fair at Beaucaire when grandfather returned from it, and especially the continual contact with things of the land, with beings, the trees, the flowers, of which he was very fond during his free and healthy life in the open-air. In that book—his last work—Mistral tells us also about his father's marriage, accomplished under circumstances which much resemble that of Ruth and Boaz, and calls his sire the Sage, the Patriarch, the Lord-father, the respected and austere Master, whilst his mother is *la Maîtresse, ma mère belle.*

Certainly, there was no luxury in his mode of living, but it mattered not to his superior mind; his talents and achievements were above attention to such distinctions. *Nec te quaesieris extra.*

Although, like many other remarkable men, it was not college, but family life and Nature that developed and made Frederi Mistral great, they took care to give *une education bourgeoise* to the youthful son of the farmer of Maiano. He was then ten years of age. The history of the boy, who became a fervent admirer of the ancients and their successor, is the history neither of a very diligent student, nor of a submissive and docile schoolboy. Whilst at Maiano he played truant so well and so often that his father said one day, "He must be locked up"; and he carried out his word by placing him in the boarding-school of Saint Michel at Frigolet, in an old monastery; and then at Avignon—his first great journey—with M. Millet, where he had a sad time, for teachers and comrades alike made fun of his *patois*. Of his *patois* he was very fond, thanks to his charming mother, who in order to amuse her only son would sing to him beautiful Provençal songs and recite wonderful tales. He soon ran away from Avignon and came to Maiano, where he was sent to M. Dupuy's school, and became acquainted with Joseph Roumanille, whose influence decided his future career. Roumanille was twelve years older than Mistral, and he had already published his first poetical attempt, called *Li Margarideto*, in *Boni Abeisso*, a Provençal journal issued in Marseilles. He told his new pupil and friend no less truthfully than poetically that he began to write poetry in French, but when he recited it to his mother she cried, because knowing only Provençal she could not understand her dear boy's effusions, and he promised himself not to write except in the language which his mother spoke. In that manner the new poetry was born from the tears of a woman who seemed to personify the little country much neglected and almost forgotten by her big sister.

Roumanille loved the melodious speech of the Rhône valley, and his enthusiasm for it he was able to communicate to "the sublime child," as he called Mistral, who said of him: "Scarcely had he shown me in their spring-time freshness these lovely field-flowers, when a thrill ran through my being and I exclaimed: 'This is the dawn my soul awaited to awaken to the light!'" From that time the two boys made a compact to work and to save the *lengo d'or* from the overwhelming influence of the northern speech, and to restore to it its former lustre. This work Mistral continued with still better results at Aix, where he was sent to study law, for in that ancient city of Provence he found abundant material in the old books. His first work in the Provençal language was a poem called *Li Meissoun*, Provençal georgics in four songs, when he was but seventeen years of age. When, in 1851, he returned home from Aix with the degree of *licencié en droit*, and was left free to choose his career, he unhesitatingly decided not only to create a new and independent literature, but also to effect a complete renascence of the mental life of Southern France, to reconquer for Provence her ancient prominence, and to cause France, to which she was united on terms of equality four hundred years ago, to look at her with admiration. The first step towards this vast and ambitious purpose was to develop and expand the dialect of Saint Rémy into a beautiful literary language. In this he followed Dante, who made the language of Florence the basis of the Italian tongue. The primary work

consisted in epuration and fixation.[4] The epuration meant elimination of all French words, for which he substituted the corresponding Provençal expressions. The fixation of the language was produced under the modest aspect of making the orthography stable. In reality, however, it was the phonetics and the morphology of the literary language that ruled the orthography constituted by Roumanille and Mistral, and was applied in the whole work of Felibres after the first publication of the *Armana prouvençan*. To this double work of epuration and fixation, which is rather negative, one should add, in order to understand better how important was Mistral's achievement, a positive work of enrichment. Into the idiom which he took for basis he introduced words gathered from outside the restricted limits of that idiom, modifying them a little in their form when necessary, which seemed to him expressive of new shades of action or sensation. For this purpose he sought out the old expressions, familiar and bold, which had no equivalent in French. These he found, not in the old books, but in the language of the people, and if he was archaic in that respect, he was not so after the manner of an antiquary, who pretends to revive words, forms, and constructions which have been abolished; he was like an amateur anxious to preserve what the present has of the old but still living.

Mistral's intelligent work and boundless enthusiasm vigorously furthered the Provençal renascence that was developed during the Congresses at Arlès in 1852, at Aix in 1853, and the famous gathering in Castel de Font-Segugne in 1854, when he and his poet-friends constituted themselves into a permanent society under the old and enigmatic name of *Felibre*. These poets—Paul Giéra, Joseph Roumanille, Théodore Aubanel, Anselme Mathieu, Eugène Garcin, Brunet, Alphonse Tavan, and Frederi Mistral—*en pleine primevère de la vie et de l'an*—raised the flag of the linguistic, literary, and social resurrection of the South. Such was the beginning of this remarkable movement—the *Felibrige*—through which the inertia of the Provençals themselves has been overcome. A new intellectual life in the Rhône valley was started, and the fame of the *Felibres* and their work of consequence and weight has gone abroad into distant lands.

It was Mistral alone, however, who understood that eloquent manifestoes, theoretical discussions, and pretty poems were not sufficient to prove to France, and then to the world, that the language of the Troubadours is still living and is capable of having its own literature. For this it was necessary to produce a work of great literary and poetical value. And Mistral, tall and erect, elegant in his little *jaquette*, with his flowing cravat of *foulard*, wearing a *mousquetaire* soft hat, carrying a malacca with a silver handle, a light overcoat on his arm, his eyes full of resolve, his Olympian forehead, with something martial and imperial about it, crowning his radiant visage, leading a well-balanced life, free from the vain and petty occupations by which so many lives are consumed and in which too often the time and the talents of many writers and artists are wasted, "feasting not with the old leaven, nor with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth,"[5] gave himself whole-heartedly to writing an epic poem *Mirèio*. He alone, too, understood that, no matter how important his work might be, it must be appreciated in the first place in Paris, before it could be cherished

[4] J Aurouge, "Histoire critique de la renaissance meridonale au XIXe siecle." 2 vols. Avignon, 1907.

[5] Epist. 1. Cor. v. 7—8.

in Provence, before the Provençal literature could claim its place amongst literatures of the world. This was done through the effort of the unfortunate, but noble, poet,[6] Adolphe Dumas, Mistral's friend, who at once understood the value of his work. It was he who forced the leading Parisian critics to study the masterpiece, and introduced the young poet to Lamartine, who, after having read *Mirèio*, not only spoke of it with great enthusiasm, but wrote a long critique in *Cours familier de littérature*. "I read *Mirèio*," wrote Lamartine to Reboul, "and was so smitten in my heart and mind that I am writing an *Entretien* about this poem. Yes, since the time of the Homeridæ of the Archipelago the world has not seen such a fountain of primitive poetry. Like you, I cried out: 'He is a Homer!'" Meanwhile, there came forth eulogistic appreciations from other critics, who compared Mistral to Virgil, Dante and Theocritus, one of them saying that the beautiful idyll ending the first canto of *Mirèio* reminded him of the purest breath of the "Song of Songs." However, the broadest, if not the most literary, was the welcome of Villemain, who said that "France is rich enough to have two literatures."

The story of the poem is very simple: the reciprocal love of two young people, with an impediment of social conditions, the consequence of which is a tragical end. But with this sentimental and ordinary basis, so often repeated but universally human, and therefore always new and interesting for the sympathy it ever awakens in human hearts, the author has interwoven so many scenes from the life of the people, has described in so masterly a fashion their work, their beliefs and traditions, their superstitions and legends, their joys and sorrows and aspirations, that the whole constitutes an unrivalled performance. He has done all this with an archaic simplicity, so that the art of writing seems to be totally absent, whilst the pictures exhibited before the enchanted eyes of the reader's soul seem to speak to him directly. In reading *Mirèio* one feels as if one were living in the places, conditions, and surroundings evoked by the magic power of the author. There are scenes quite ordinary in themselves, on which one looks without any emotion, presented with realism, but at the same time pervaded by an elusive charm. The atmosphere of an ideal, so difficult to describe, here enwraps everything and is felt everywhere. This ideal *Stimmung* is manifested towards the end of the poem in a rapture of pure mysticism worthy of the primitive writers and artists. In all this, the author's great personality is so concealed that it seems to be, as are the primitive heroic poems, born directly of the spirit and genius of the people.

Mirèio is undoubtedly Mistral's greatest masterpiece, for, while being a purely Provençal work, both in its spirit and character, it has also immutable human characteristics, which can be understood by everybody, without consideration of time, race, or language. For this reason *Mirèio* should be counted amongst those few works that are the property of all mankind. No *résumé*, or even translation, can furnish a notion of the beauty of *Mirèio*, of its musical qualities, its brightness of narration, its vivacity and harmony between words and sense, its graceful succession of rhymes and the cadence of its stanzas. Mistral's success was complete when the Academy crowned his poem and Gounod composed music to it. He had now shown by his work of unassailable beauty that he was fully conscious of the goal towards which he was working and leading his disciples and his province, the purpose

[6] Adolphe Dumas, "Provence," Paris. J. Hetzel of Paulin, 1840.

of raising the people of the South of France to a conception of their individuality as a race, of the re-birth of the Latin race and the laying of the foundation of a great Latin union.

Mirèio is not the only work of Mistral. After this popular period, more or less contemporary with the poet, there followed a heroic, legendary poem, *Calendau*, reminding one of *Chansons de geste*, a work of value, although less known and appreciated outside Provence, because of its allegory and its scholarly allusions. With regard to the performance, it is as good and as masterly as *Mirèio* because of the same musical verse, the same richness of expression, and the same originality. When his third poem *Nerto* was published, Mistral was rightly likened to Ariosto, a comparison justified by the serious touches here and there, and by its charming style and lively vein. It is a story of the time of Benedict XIII. (1394), and it presents a very sprightly picture of the papal court of those times. The poetic quality of *Lou Pouèmo dóu Rose* suffers from too much realism—a usual and just penalty in works of art—through the medium of which is imaged the life on the river. It differs from Mistral's other poems in this, that it is written in blank verse—the line being exactly that of the *Divina Commedia*—and there is a conscious avoidance, not only of rhyme, but of assonance as well; the rhythm of the line is marked, and it produces an effect on the ear like that of English iambic pentameters hypercatalectic. On the other hand, it is remarkably objective, like his other poems. But Mistral's unbounded enthusiasm concerning Provence leads him into exaggeration, and whilst he is masterly and poetic in describing nature, and especially in evoking the past, he is often superficial in serious questions and deep verities. The complete expression of his poetical ideas is to be found in the collection of poems published under the title of *Lis Isolo d'or*, in which one finds gems of the best and purest poetry. It is an enthusiastic appeal for life and light, for strength and energy addressed to his well-beloved Provence and its inhabitants. *La Reino Jano* was a failure as a drama. It was never performed, and proved again that there can be no dramatic literature in the language of the Troubadours, even in its modern revival. Whilst the above-mentioned works testify to Mistral's great poetical gift, his dictionary of the Provençal language published under the title of *Trésor dóu Felibrige*, at which he worked for twenty years, shows how great was his erudition. That important work is not merely an agglomeration of words with their meanings, but it is frequently interpolated with historical facts, fables, proverbs, and legends, which throw light on the primitive meanings of many of the words. No wonder, therefore, that it was received enthusiastically by the scholars of the world.

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I think I have shown that Mistral's whole work is uplifting. There is in it no concession to the fashions prevailing either in literature or custom: there is no calculation for a momentary success. His achievement belongs to that limited number of works which neither grow old nor die, for rising above the passing exigencies of changeable, intellectual taste, it expresses sentiments and passions essential to human nature, and it is consequently always capable of producing an echo in the human soul; it glorifies only what is really beautiful, noble, and sublime; it constitutes an ideal, after which the human spirit longs, even in the greatest degradation, and of which it will never cease to dream. There are some critics who speak of

the exteriority of his method in presenting human nature,[1] lamenting that he is not a poet whose work is a reflection of his own soul, and that he reproduces too vividly the gestures and words of his Southern people; they say that he is not deep enough in treating of the theme of love. Such critics evidently belong to that phalanx of writers who prefer what is difficult to what is beautiful, and against whom the great connoisseur of art, Winckelmann, warns us: "Seek not to detect deficiencies and imperfections in a work of art, until you have previously learnt to recognize and discover beauties. This admonition is the fruit of experience, of noticing daily that the beautiful has remained unknown to most observers—who can see the shape, but must learn the higher qualities of it from others—because they wish to act the critic, before they have begun to be scholars. As it is easier to assume a negative than an affirmative position, so imperfections are much more easily observed and found than perfections." And the affirmative attitude towards Mistral will suggest that his work should be much praised and admired for its degree of *Heiterkeit*, which is an important element in a work of art, and that the author of *Mirèio*, being a Latin, must be quite different from those who cherish Germanic obscurity as against Latin lucidity. Yes, Mistral seems to defend Latin countries against the pernicious influence of the North, which for more than a century has imposed its nebulous and subversive philosophy on Latin art in favor of the complexity and want of precision of Germanic music, and of Norwegian thought, *inintelligente et désenchantée*, and which threatens to corrupt our pure and clear genius. Mistral is, above all, a Latin; he loves Greco-Latin culture, and the date of issue of *Mirèio* is not only an unforgettable epoch because of the publication of a masterpiece; but it is also a historical point of time, in which there reappeared from behind the fog of Romanticism the classical tradition in art and thought. Mistral's works show us how to substitute the unbridled imagination by the luminous manner of looking on the world, and how to master our mind in order to produce works of art full of transcendental serenity.

Mistral's life, in its simple oneness and its astounding success, teaches those who seek restlessly and eagerly only for wealth and luxury, that after a certain not very excessive material welfare has been attained, then what most count in our sublunary existence are the things pertaining to the province of spirit. Gold is desirable to a certain degree, but far more valuable than wealth is the love of the transcendental, the love of the beautiful, the love of virtue, the love of man for woman and of woman for man, the love of lofty endeavor, the love of daring emulation: all these should be more cherished than ugly business, frantic industrialism and exhausting activity, for these alone can never bring happiness either to the individual or to the nation.

By the death of Frederi Mistral on March 25th of this year, not only France, but the whole world lost it greatest poet. During his lifetime a statue was erected in his honor at Arles. His mortal remains were deposited for their eternal rest in the little rustic cemetery of his village, in which he spent almost the whole of his most fruitful life. The inscription on his tombstone, engraved according to his wish, reads thus:—

"Non nobis Domine, non nobis,
Sed nomini tuo
Et Provinciæ nostræ
Da gloriam."

[1] Charles Alfred Downer, "Frederic Mistral." The Columbia University Press, 1901.

However, notwithstanding his praiseworthy modesty, his name will remain surrounded with a great and amaranthine glory, for such lofty poets and such noble leaders of men are rarely inscribed on the pages of history.

The Contemporary Review. *Soissons.*

THE NEW SITUATION IN THE BALKAN PENINSULA.

Throughout the last decade, and more especially since the year 1908, the political situation in the Near East has been deeply engaging the attention of the whole of Europe. The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria, the Declaration of Independence by Bulgaria, the advent to power of the Greek Military League, the numerous critical phases through which the Albanian question has passed during the last few years, and the utter failure of the young Turkish *régime*, are all factors which have hastened on a war, the original seeds of which may be said to have been sown by the signature of the Treaty of Berlin in 1878. Indeed, that this war did not take place much earlier is largely due to the fact that, except for the few brief months which immediately followed the re-establishment of the Turkish Constitution, rivalry and antagonism among the Balkan peoples themselves have been far more keen than any hatred felt by them against Turkey—their temporary common enemy.

At the moment of writing, when numerous important questions are still unsettled, and when it is impossible to foresee many of the larger results of the wars, the only course left open to me is to summarize some of the political changes which have taken place, and to indicate how these changes are likely to affect Europe as a whole, and in what manner they are destined to further or to hinder the national development of the countries concerned. But as it is difficult to prophesy the duration of the present grouping of the Balkan States (including Roumania), a grouping which has been brought about by the second war, it is advisable first to allude to the somewhat different international situation which would probably have been created had the original Balkan Alliance remained in existence, and to consider whether, and, if so, how, that situation would have really differed from that existing to-day. Should the four States have continued on good terms with one another, the whole balance of power in Europe might well have been changed. Instead of the Ottoman Empire, which, prior to the outbreak of hostilities, was held by competent authorities to be able to provide a vast army, then calculated to number approximately 1,225,000 men, there would have sprung up a friendly group of countries which, in the near future, could easily have placed in the field a combined army approximately amounting to at least 1,000,000 all told. Again, if we accept the probability that, in case of a European conflagration, any more or less combined Confederation, composed of Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and Greece, would probably have thrown in its lot with the Powers of the Triple Entente, not only would Germany and her friends have lost the supposed value of the support of Turkey, whose friendship she has cultivated so closely for years, but Russia and her Allies would probably have gained the help of four States, who have already proved their power in war.

But as it may be argued that all this has now been changed, let me at once turn to a consideration of the

position as it appears to exist to-day. In a word, it is that, as the war between the former Allies has only resulted in the partial re-establishment of Ottoman prestige in Europe, and as no satisfactory settlement of many of the most important questions—some of which I shall discuss in detail below—has been arrived at, the real source of danger will continue to be the ever-increasing rivalry between Austria-Hungary and Russia. Indeed, although Austria has succeeded in preventing the Servians from reaching the Adriatic, and although she has created Albania, her Ministers can hardly be expected to look with favor upon a peace which, so long as it lasts, must upset the whole recent policy of the Dual Monarchy. Again, with regard to Russia it is useless to conceal the fact that, at a given moment, the Ministers of the Tzar may well find themselves in a position in which it is quite impossible for them quietly to witness any serious interference with the natural development of the "Little Slav" States, some of which certainly did not receive all the support and assistance which they, last year, expected from the Government of St. Petersburg.

Turning to the Balkan Peninsula itself, both from a larger European, as well as from a local point of view, the war has resulted in the appearance of the two new factors in the situation. I refer to the *rôle* which has been, and which is likely to be, played by Roumania, and to the creation of another Balkan State—Albania. With regard to the first of these questions, sufficient is it to say that public opinion in Roumania, who for some years has tried practically to hold herself aloof from Balkan political struggles, is more or less divided into two sections—the one supporting an Austrophil, and the other a Russophil foreign policy. Uncertainty as to the real recent attitude of Austria-Hungary, the success of an undertaking which, if not actually encouraged from, was certainly not opposed by, St. Petersburg, and a feeling of friendship towards France, now seem to have secured for those possessed of sympathies for the Powers of the Triple Entente at least a temporary preponderance at Bucharest. How long this rapprochement between Roumania and Russia will last, and whether it will be strengthened by a matrimonial union between the two Royal Houses, are questions upon which it is impossible at present to form any opinion.

The immediate consequences of the entry of Roumania into the Near Eastern political arena are too obvious to require any comment here. In addition to the fact that her action in invading Bulgaria was practically responsible for the result of the second war, there is every reason to suppose that Roumania, Servia, and Greece have entered into some kind of friendly agreement, by which a new Balkan Alliance has been formed. The all-important questions now are, whether this understanding constitutes a temporary arrangement merely to maintain the validity of the Treaty of Bucharest, or whether these States have undertaken a defensive and offensive alliance, destined to meet all contingencies. However this may be, it is probable that this agreement is less important than would have been the survival of the original Alliance. Had a settlement, more or less satisfactory to Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece, been arrived at, it would have been possible for these countries to work together for a lasting maintenance of peace in the Balkan Peninsula. But, even if a marriage between Princess Elizabeth of Roumania and the Crown Prince of Greece does take place, it is difficult to see how King Carol, whose diplomatic ability is renowned throughout Europe,

can permanently throw in his lot with the rulers of Greece and of Servia, whose interests are in many respects divergent from his own, or how, for reasons to which I shall allude below, Servia and Greece can shape a common policy destined to avoid complications for both of them.

Turning to the question of Albania, which I discussed in an article published in The Fortnightly Review for March last, space forbids my more than dealing very briefly with two questions—the future of Epirus, and the position of the ruler of Europe's latest Principality. Whatever arguments may be used in favor of or against the Albanian and the Epirote (Greek) points of view, it is now far too late to discuss the question upon a basis of the wishes of the inhabitants. These people—probably genuinely divided in their sentiments—are certainly not at present in a position to express opinions for which subsequently they might be made to repent. Consequently, the only solutions for the Balkan "Ulster" problem are either that the Great Powers should enforce their decisions concerning the southern frontiers of Albania and thus enable the country, created by them, to live, or else that Prince William should take the matter into his own hands. If the first of these alternatives is not adopted, his Royal Highness and his Ministers will be placed in the difficult position of either endeavoring to win over the Epirotes by concessions, the granting of which would be possessed of enormous dangers for the new *régime*, or of devising some other means to secure the incorporation of the promised districts within the new Principality. As to undertake active operations in existing circumstances would be seriously to risk the whole future of Albania, his Royal Highness might do well to consider the advisability of going himself, at the head of a peaceful mission, to the very heart of the disputed territory, there to negotiate with the insurrectionaries as to the nature of the *régime* to be inaugurated in a district which has actually been promised to him by Europe. For preference accompanied by a small escort, composed of, say, ten men drawn from each of the International Contingents now in Scutari, or, if this be impossible, attended by a few Albanian gendarmes, the Prince could hardly be refused safe conduct to a selected place by the Hellenic Government, which professes itself genuinely anxious to further a solution of this complicated problem.

With regard to the actual position of Prince William, who appears to possess many of the personal qualities necessary to the ruler of a country like Albania, his Royal Highness seems already to have greatly increased the difficulties of his position by entering his new kingdom by way of Durazzo, and by thus unavoidably placing himself in the hands of Essad Pasha, whose authority is all-important in the country which surrounds that town. It is true that, on the whole, a good and representative Cabinet has been formed, but it must be obvious to those who are cognizant of the conditions prevailing in Albania that the former defender of Scutari, who has been appointed not only Minister of War, but also Minister of the Interior, is now in a position to endeavor to make his influence felt throughout the country. It remains to be seen, therefore, whether the Prince will be able to cope with the personal jealousy of the various leaders and with the impatience of the people, whether he will be able to utilize the services of Essad Pasha to the advantage of the State, or whether, should he decide to do so, his Royal Highness will be able to rid himself of this local magnate, who is not popular in many parts of Albania, with-

out placing himself in the hands of some other clique, which might be possessed of an influence equally disastrous to the future of the country.

Having briefly alluded to some of the larger results of the wars—results which were not brought about by any direct efforts of the belligerents—I will now approach a brief discussion of three problems which are of primary interest to the Balkan countries themselves, but which are also possessed of great international importance to Europe as a whole. I refer to the Ægean Island, to the Servian port, and to the Macedonian questions.

Even at a moment when the Great Powers have recognized that the Southern Albanian frontier and Ægean Islands questions should be interdependent, and when they have decided that all the Islands captured by Greece during the war, except Imbros and Tenedos and Castellorizzo, shall be retained by her, the Ægean Island question, in its larger sense, is still the most important problem in the Near East. The Ægean Sea and its Islands make up what is called a strategical triangle, from which the control of the Eastern Mediterranean can be practically secured. Consequently, as many of these Islands are possessed of safe harbors, the value of which cannot be overestimated to a maritime country, the question of supreme importance to all the Great Powers, and especially to England and to France, is not so much whether all or any of the Islands shall belong to Turkey or to Greece, but rather that their future ownership shall be decided according to an arrangement destined to preserve the European Concert, that those allotted to Greece shall not be fortified, and that none of the Islands shall be permanently or temporarily ceded to a Government which might utilize them as a base for naval operations in the Eastern Mediterranean. The problem is rendered far more complicated by the fact that all the Islands, occupied by Italy early in the year 1912, are still in the hands of the Government of King Victor Emmanuel. Even now it is not clear to the everyday man whether these Islands were originally seized in order that their possession might be used as a means of bartering with Turkey for the cession of Tripoli, whether they are now being held with the object of exchanging them for Italian concessions in Asia Minor, or whether a determined attempt will be made by Italy to find some excuse to break the terms of the Treaty of Lausanne, and permanently to retain all or some of them. If these Islands are subsequently returned to Turkey, it may be possible to elaborate some satisfactory *régime* for their future government. If, on the other hand, the Italian Government, perhaps supported by her German and Austrian Allies, attempts to remain in occupation of any of them, the consequent dangers are too obvious to require any comment here.

Whilst the European decision that the Southern Albanian and the Græco-Turkish part of the Island questions should be connected, overcame immediate dangers, it renders the enforcement of either section of that decision an extremely difficult matter. This is the case because all the actual parties to the two questions are not the same. From a local point of view it is, in fact, a triangular business—Greece having an interest in both questions, whilst Turkey and Albania each have their respective connections with one of them. Thus, although if the Epirotes refuse to submit in Southern Albania, European pressure could easily be brought to bear upon the Hellenic Government by the confiscation of all or some of the disputed Islands, no recompense is or can be held out to Turkey as an inducement to accept decisions

which are decidedly detrimental to her. Again, whilst the Powers of the Triple Entente, and particularly France, appear to favor the Greek standpoint, both in regard to the Albanian frontier and to the Islands, those of the Triple Alliance naturally seem to be averse to the employment of any force at Constantinople. Consequently, as the claims of Greece in the Ægean are as reasonable as her probable indirect support of the Epirotes is unjustifiable, it is only possible to hope that the position of M. Venezelos will be sufficiently strong to enable him to make his peaceful influence felt in Southern Albania, and thus to rob his enemies of any excuse for interfering with the incorporation of the Islands in Greece, or for permitting Turkey to take warlike measures on land which might well prove highly dangerous to the whole future of the Hellenic Kingdom.

Although the difficulties which surround the natural desire of Servia to acquire a port of her own are of less immediate consequence than those connected with the future of the Ægean Islands, there lies in this question one of the greatest obstacles to the permanency of the present peace in the Near East. The crisis of the years 1908 and 1909 entirely resulted from the justifiable claim then made by Servia: that she should receive compensation for what she felt was a blow to her real national aspiration—the creation of a Greater Servia, with an outlet upon the Adriatic. Again, whilst Servia certainly joined the Balkan League with the avowed object of improving the lot of the Serbs then domiciled in Turkey, she was undoubtedly induced to risk her national existence largely in the hope of securing her own seaport. But as it is impossible to discuss here the various reasons for which the future development of Servia practically depends upon her obtaining an adequate outlet to the sea, I will simply allude to the extent to which the wars have improved her prospects in this direction, and enumerate the only solutions of the question which would be likely to be really satisfactory to the Government of King Peter.

Under existing conditions Servia can, of course, come to an arrangement with Greece as to the use of Salonika. Reports are indeed already current that the two countries have agreed to the creation of some kind of neutral or Servian zone at this port, but it remains to be seen whether the probable difficulties between the two present Allies upon this point will not eventually prove to be as great, if not greater, for Servia than those which were connected with her traffic by way of the same port when it still belonged to Turkey, and whether, if so, the future of Salonika may not be the cause of the rupture of relations between the Governments of Belgrade and of Athens. Again, now that commercial access to the Adriatic has been guaranteed to her by the London Ambassadorial Conference, there is no theoretical reason why Servia should not secure her outlet, either by way of Montenegro at Antivari or through Albania at Durazzo. But even if the enormous difficulties which still have to be surmounted in any of these directions are actually overcome, the Ministers of King Peter can unfortunately only be temporarily content with an approach to the sea through territory which does not actually belong to them. Indeed, if that outlet is permanently to be secured upon the Ægean, it would appear, sooner or later, that Servia must inevitably come to an arrangement with Bulgaria by which Salonika should belong to her, and according to which Bulgaria should be compensated by the promise of part of the now Servian and Greek terri-

tories which lie to the east of the Valley of the Vardar. Again, if satisfactory access to the Adriatic is really to be arranged, it will only be when Servia and Montenegro have become one Kingdom; when, and if, Servia, with outside assistance, has realized at least part of her national programme in Bosnia; or when, and if, the promised commercial access to the sea through Albania is preceded or followed by the total disruption of the dominions of Prince William.

Although it is impossible here to enter into or discuss the events which brought about the second war, or definitely to allocate the blame for its outbreak to any particular persons, it can safely be said that the consequent division of Balkan territories prevents the present peace from constituting any semblance of a permanent settlement of the Balkan question. Difficult as it would have been to have found a satisfactory basis for the division of Macedonia, or to settle the frontiers of Albania, and true as it may be that Greece was bound to be a sufferer owing to the exclusion of a certain number of Greeks from the Hellenic Kingdom, the establishment of peace upon terms which leave the homes of the great majority of Macedonian Bulgars in alien territory, and which separate those of a large number of Albanians from the towns with which they have been wont to trade, will sooner or later render the conditions in the Near East a greater standing menace to European peace than they have ever been in the past. If the peoples now ruled by foreign Governments are to be denationalized—and denationalization is the only method by which they can be governed—the injustices which they must suffer will inevitably create a situation as bad as, if not worse than, that which existed during the closing years of the reign of Abdul Hamid. Indeed, even now Bulgarian bishops have been expelled from their sees, priests have either been compelled to leave their villages or to acknowledge the authority of alien churches, and schools have already been closed. It may be argued that the Bulgarians are probably behaving in a like manner in the case of the Greeks domiciled in the dominions of King Ferdinand, but if they are, it only proves that any arrangement which completely ignored all ethnological considerations would constitute a real set-back to civilization and liberalism in the Balkan Peninsula.

In the extremely short space still available it is only possible to outline very briefly the actual internal situation existing in each of the countries recently engaged in the two campaigns. In Servia and Montenegro, both practically doubled in size, the all-important questions are the complete changes which have taken place in the positions occupied by the Royal dynasties. Such is the strengthened position of King Peter and of his family that even the most violent anti-regicides now agree that the sooner past events are forgotten the better. Indeed, not only has the constitutionalism of the Servian Sovereign made the *régime* which led up to the war most popular, but Prince Alexander—the Crown Prince—who was always liked, has also so greatly increased his prestige owing to his brave and simple conduct during the campaigns. The future, therefore, depends upon the manner in which the Ministers are able to cope with the many new and complicated problems of government which have now arisen. If these statesmen pursue a policy of moderation, discourage the Chauvinistic sentiments of the army, and appoint their best men as Government functionaries in the newly conquered territories, then King Peter may be able, at least temporarily, to rule the large number of

Bulgarians and Albanians who will in future have their homes in his country.

In proportion as recent events have strengthened the position of the King of Servia, they have weakened that of the ruler of Montenegro. In any circumstances, two comparatively small countries, populated by the same nationality and now possessed of a contiguous frontier, could hardly long remain independent of one another. Much more difficult is this when the Montenegrins have failed to realize their great national aspiration—the permanent possession of Scutari—when they are disgusted with the conduct of the Royal Princes during the war, and when the fame of the Servian Royal Family has already become a byword in the Montenegrin Army. Indeed, such is the situation, that the incorporation of the dominions of King Nicholas within those of King Peter is openly and complacently discussed at Cettinje. Whether this union will take place in the immediate or more remote future it is impossible to say, but that it is a question of practical politics is indicated by the fact that the formation of common Diplomatic Service and of a combined army is already under discussion in both countries.

With regard to Greece, it is safe to say that the country, now approximately doubled in size, is entering upon a completely new era. In the future the Hellenic Government will not only have to play a much more important and imperial part in Balkan affairs, but it will also have to undertake the *rôle* which will devolve upon it as the guardian of a large area of territory bordering upon or surrounded by the Eastern Mediterranean and its adjoining seas. Moreover, in addition to these new foreign liabilities, King Constantine and his Ministers will be obliged to frame their policy to meet an entirely changed internal situation, partly brought about by the increased expenditure which will now be necessary, by the greater importance of the Agrarian Question, and by the eventually changed composition of the Greek Chamber. The future of Greece will therefore largely depend upon how far and for how long M. Venezelos, whose position is now rendered extremely difficult by his moderate and wise attitude towards the Southern Albanian and Ægean Islands questions, is able to pursue a temperate and really far-seeing foreign policy and at the same time to continue to enjoy the confidence of his Sovereign, and that of a people for whose complete regeneration he alone is practically responsible.

Turning to Bulgaria, the apparent tranquillity and the manner in which the people have so far accepted the results of their great *débâcle* must have proved an astonishment, even to those best acquainted with the conditions prevailing in the Balkan Peninsula. Whilst the present political situation may leave something to be desired, it is safe to assert that in any other Balkan country a disaster of the magnitude of that recently suffered by Bulgaria would have had internal results destined to have increased the dangers of the situation. But the persevering, plodding, dogged nature of the Bulgarian people—a national asset which enabled them gradually and carefully to prepare for a war which could never have been thought of, begun, or carried out without their assistance—has now prevented a bad state of things becoming worse confounded. Indeed, such is the spirit and moderation of the nation that two elections have actually been held in Bulgaria since the signatures of the fateful Treaties of Bucharest and of Constantinople without the advent of any untoward incidents. Whilst the Government of Dr. Radoslavoff, who

openly advocated the warlike policy which brought about the great national catastrophe, was defeated at the polls of last December, the same Ministry has now been successful in securing a majority at an election, in which the inhabitants of the newly acquired territories were allowed to participate. Although a majority of 7, in a House now composed of 245 deputies, is not one which would empower any Bulgarian Government permanently to carry on the affairs of the country, it should be sufficient to enable the Premier to obtain the sanction of the Chamber to the ratification of the Treaties of Bucharest and of Constantinople, and to pass the various instalments of the annual Budget before Parliament is adjourned until the autumn. Although, too, from a point of view of foreign policy, the advent to power of an avowedly pro-Austrian Ministry may have its disadvantages, it appears to have prevented the creation of a situation which might easily have become anarchical. Moreover, the rehabilitation of the present Ministry has also increased the stability of the position of King Ferdinand, by authorizing him to rule the country during the immediate future according to the advice of a Government whose policy he would seem to have adopted, even before it officially took over the reins of power. In a word, if Bulgaria has been robbed of practically all the territory which she conquered during the first war, her people appear to be hopeful as to their future, to have gained confidence in themselves, and rightly to believe, if they continue their education and commercial progress, that they may yet be able to regain for their country a position of predominant importance in the Balkan Peninsula.

With regard to Turkey, it is always difficult to describe the existing state of things, let alone to prophesy the possible trend of future events. It may be said, however, that the Committee of Union and Progress, which is at present the only real factor in the country, probably now occupies a stronger position than that which it has held at any time since the months which immediately followed the re-establishment of the Constitution in 1908. Not only is the Government completely in its hands, but for the moment at least all practical opposition has disappeared. Indeed, that Enver Pasha and his supporters have *"reconquered"* Adrianople, and thus broken the time-honored rule that territory once taken from Turkey by a Christian State shall never again pass under Ottoman rule, has regained for the Committee all the prestige which it would otherwise have lost during the war. The Army, always the backbone of the new *régime*, is now more completely in the hands of the Young Turks than has ever been the case before.

Thus the immediate future of the Ottoman Empire largely depends upon whether the better men belonging to this party are able to rise to the occasion and to show themselves really worthy of the opportunity which they have before them. If the Government accepts the present position, abstains from becoming a party to Balkan quarrels, and devotes itself to reforms in its remaining territories, then Turkey may yet be destined to play an important part in the world's politics. If, on the other hand, the more Chauvinistic members of the Committee of Union and Progress are allowed to gain the upper hand, then the Asiatic Provinces of the Empire will gradually disappear as most of those in Europe have now done. The arrival of the *Osman I.*—recently purchased from Brazil—which should actually reach the Bosphorus during June or July, and the completion of the *Reshadieh*—

also a Dreadnought—early next year, will certainly render the paper strength of the Turkish fleet vastly superior to that of Greece, but it remains to be proved whether an efficient *personnel* can be found to man these vessels, and whether, even if so, the advantages of the possible reconquest of the Ægean Islands or of Salonika by means of these ships would counterbalance the consequent dangers which would almost inevitably arise in Asia Minor.

In the foregoing pages I have endeavored to show that the present and new situation in the Balkan Peninsula constitutes not a settlement, but rather a holding in suspense of the numerous Near Eastern questions, which have often been the means of shaking the European Concert to its very foundation. In short, whilst the long talked of war-cloud has burst, whilst two of the most wonderful campaigns of modern military history have been fought, and whilst the much-dreaded hostilities have been localized, little has really been done to solve the countless problems which for years have not only endangered the peace of the Near East, but that of all Europe. The Balkan question has haunted us for many a year. Unity amongst the former Allies would have meant strength to each and all of them. Even if Roumania has taken the place of Bulgaria, and even if the army of King Carol is as large as that of King Ferdinand, the full consequences of the division brought about by the second war are not yet. In the immediate future, as in the past, the Near East will still be Europe's greatest Danger Zone.

H. Charles Woods.

The Fortnightly Review.

THE STORY OF A PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

By Ian Hay.

"Bettersea Trem? Right, Miss!"

My wife, who has been married long enough to feel deeply gratified at being mistaken for a maiden lady, smiled seraphically at the conductor, and allowed herself to be hoisted up the steps of the majestic vehicle provided by a paternal County Council to convey passengers—at a loss to the rate-payers, I understand—from the Embankment to Battersea.

Presently we ground our way round a curve, and began to cross Westminster Bridge. The conductor, whose innate Cockney *bonhomie* his high official position had failed to eradicate, presented himself before us and collected our fares.

"What part of Bettersea did you require, sir?" he asked of me.

I coughed, and answered evasively—

"Oh, about the middle."

"We haven't been there before," added my wife, quite gratuitously.

The conductor smiled indulgently, and punched our tickets.

"I'll tell you when to get down," he said, and left us.

For some months we had been considering the question of buying a dog; and a good deal of our spare time—or perhaps I should say of my spare time, for a woman's time is naturally all her own—had been pleasantly occupied in discussing the matter. Having at length committed ourselves to the purchase of the animal, we proceeded to consider such details as breed, sex, and age. My wife vacillated between a bloodhound, because bloodhounds are so aristocratic in appearance, and a Pekinese, because they are *dernier cri*. (We like to be *dernier cri* even in Much Moreham.) Her younger sister

Eileen, who spends a good deal of time with us, suggested an Old English sheep-dog, explaining that it would be company for my wife when I was away from home. I coldly recommended a mastiff. Our son John, aged three, upon being consulted, expressed a preference for twelve tigers in a box, and was not again invited to participate in the debate.

Finally we decided upon an Aberdeen terrier, of an age and sex to be settled by circumstances, and I was instructed to communicate with a gentleman in the North, who advertised in our morning paper that Aberdeen terriers were his specialty. In due course we received a reply. The advertiser recommended two animals—namely "Celtic Chief," aged four months, and "Scotia's Pride," aged one year. Pedigrees were enclosed, each about as complicated as the family tree of the House of Hapsburg; and the favor of an early reply was requested, as both dogs were being hotly bid for by an anonymous client in Constantinople. The price of "Celtic Chief" was twenty guineas; that of "Scotia's Pride," for reasons heavily underlined in the pedigree, was twenty-seven. The advertiser (who was an Aberdonian) added that these prices did not cover cost of carriage. We decided not to stand in the way of the gentleman in Constantinople, and having sent back the pedigrees by return of post, resumed the debate.

Finally Stella (my wife) said—

"We don't really want a dog with a pedigree. We only want something that will bark at beggars and be gentle with Baby. Why not go to the Home for Lost Dogs at Battersea? I believe you can get any dog you like there for five shillings. We will run up to town next Wednesday and see about it—and I might get some clothes as well."

Hence our presence on the tram.

Presently the conductor, who had kindly pointed out to us such objects of local interest as the River Thames and the Houses of Parliament, stopped the tram in a crowded thoroughfare and announced that we were in Battersea.

"Alight here," he announced facetiously, "for the 'Ome for Lost Dawgs!"

Guiltily realizing that there is many a true word spoken in jest, we obeyed him, and the tram went rocking and whizzing out of sight.

We had eschewed a cab.

"When you are only going to pay five shillings for a dog," my wife had pointed out with convincing logic, "it is silly to go and pay perhaps another five shillings for a cab. It doubles the price of the dog at once. If we had been buying an expensive dog we might have taken a cab; but not for a five-shilling one."

"Now," I inquired briskly, "how are we going to find this place?"

"Haven't you any idea where it is?"

"No. I have a sort of vague notion that it is on an island in the middle of the river—called the Isle of Dogs, or Barking Reach, or something like that. However, I have no doubt——"

"Hadn't we better ask some one?" suggested Stella.

I demurred.

"If there is one thing I dislike," I said, "it is accosting total strangers and badgering them for information which they don't possess. Not that that will prevent them from giving it. If we start asking the way we shall find ourselves in Putney or Woolwich in no time!"

"Yes, dear," said Stella soothingly.

"Now I suggest——" My hand went to my pocket.

"No, darling," interposed my wife hastily; "*not* a map, please!" (It is a curious psychological fact that women have a constitutional aversion to maps and railway timetables. They

would sooner consult a half-witted errand-boy or a deaf railway porter.) "Do not let us make a spectacle of ourselves in the public streets again! I have not yet forgotten the day when you tried to find the Crystal Palace. Besides, it will only blow away. Ask that dear little boy there. He is looking at us so wistfully." . . .

Yes, I admit it was criminal folly. A man who asks a London street-boy to be so kind as to direct him to a Home for Lost Dogs has only himself to thank for the consequences.

The wistful little boy smiled up at us. He had a pinched face and large eyes.

"Lost Dogs' 'Ome, sir?" he said courteously. "It's a good long way. Did you want to get there quick?"

"Yes."

"Then if I was you, sir," replied the infant, edging to the mouth of an alleyway, "I should bite a policeman!"

And with an ear-splitting yell, he vanished.

We walked on, hot-faced.

"Little wretch!" said Stella.

"We simply asked for it," I rejoined. "What are we going to do next?"

My question was answered in a most incredible fashion, for at this moment a man emerged from a shop on our right, and set off down the street before us. He wore a species of uniform, and emblazoned upon the front of his hat was the information that he was an official of the Battersea Home for Lost and Starving Dogs.

"Wait a minute, and I will ask him," I said, starting forward.

But my wife would not hear of it.

"Certainly not," she replied. "If we ask him he will simply offer to show us the way. Then we shall have to talk to him—about hydrophobia, and lethal chambers, and distemper—and it may be for miles. I simply couldn't *bear* it. We shall have to tip him, too. Let us follow him, quietly."

To those who have never attempted to track a fellow-creature surreptitiously through the streets of London on a hot day the feat may appear simple. It is in reality a most exhausting, dilatory, and humiliating exercise. Our difficulty lay not so much in keeping our friend in sight as in avoiding frequent and unexpected collisions with him. The general idea, as they say on field-days, was to keep about twenty yards behind him; but under certain circumstances distance has an uncanny habit of annihilating itself. The man himself was no hustler. Once of twice he stopped to light his pipe, or converse with a friend. During these interludes Stella and I loafed guiltily upon the pavement, pointing out to one another objects of local interest with the fatuous officiousness of people in the foreground of hotel advertisements. Occasionally he paused to contemplate the contents of a shop window. We gazed industriously into the window next door. Our first window, I recollect, was an undertaker's, with ready-printed expressions of grief for sale upon white porcelain discs. We had time to read them all. The next was a butcher's. Here we stayed, perforce, so long that the proprietor, who was of the tribe which disposes of its wares almost entirely by personal canvass, came out into the street and endeavored to sell us a bullock's heart.

Our quarry's next proceeding was to dive into a public-house.

We turned and surveyed one another.

"What are we to do now?" inquired my wife.

"Go inside too," I replied, with more enthusiasm than I had hitherto displayed. "At least I think I ought to. You can please yourself."

"I will not be left in the street," said Stella firmly. "We must just wait here together until he comes out."

"There may be another exit," I objected. "We had better go in. I shall take something, just to keep up appearances, and you must sit down in the Ladies' Bar, or the Snug, or whatever they call it."

"Certainly not!" said Stella.

We had arrived at this *impasse* when the man suddenly reappeared, wiping his mouth. Instantly and silently we fell in behind him.

For the first time the man appeared to notice our presence. He regarded us curiously, with a faint gleam of recognition in his eyes, and then set off down the street at a good round pace. We followed, panting. Once or twice he looked back over his shoulder—a little apprehensively, I thought. But we ploughed on.

"We ought to get there soon at this pace," I gasped. "Hallo, he's gone again!"

"He turned down to the right," said Stella excitedly.

The lust of the chase was fairly on us now. We swung eagerly round the corner into a quiet by-street. Our man was nowhere to be seen, and the street was almost empty.

"Come on!" said Stella. "He may have turned in somewhere."

We hurried down the street. Suddenly, warned by a newly awakened and primæval instinct, I looked back. We had overrun our quarry. He had just emerged from some hiding-place of his own, and was heading back towards the main street, looking fearfully over his shoulder.

Once more we were in full cry. . . .

For the next five minutes we practically ran—all three of us. The man was obviously frightened out of his wits, and kept making frenzied and spasmodic spurts, from which we surmised that he was getting to the end of his powers of endurance.

"If only we could overtake him," I said, hauling my exhausted spouse along by the arm, "we could explain that——"

"He's gone again!" exclaimed Stella.

She was right. The man had turned another corner. We followed him round, hot-foot, and found ourselves in a prim little *cul-de-sac*, with villas on either side. Across the end of the street ran a high wall, obviously screening a railway-track.

"We've got him!" I exclaimed, feeling as Moltke must have felt when he closed the circle at Sedan.

"But where is the Dogs' Home, dear?" inquired Stella.

The question was never answered, for at this moment the man ran up the steps of the fourth villa on the left and slipped a latchkey into the lock. The door closed behind him with a venomous snap, and we were left alone in the street, guideless and dogless.

A minute later the man appeared at the ground-floor window, accompanied by a female of commanding appearance. He pointed us out to her. Behind them, dimly, we could descry a white table-cloth, a tea-cosy, and covered dishes.

The commanding female, after a prolonged and withering glare, plucked a hairpin from her head and ostentatiously proceeded to skewer together the starchy white curtains which framed the window. Privacy secured, and the sanctity of the English home thus pointedly vindicated, she and her husband disappeared into the murky background, where they doubtless sat down to an excellent high tea.

Exhausted and discomfited, we drifted away.

"I am going home," said Stella in a hollow voice. "And I think," she added bitterly, "that it might have occurred to you to suggest that the creature might possibly be going *from* the Dogs' Home, and not to it."

I apologized. It is the simplest plan, really.

II.

It was almost dark when the train arrived at our little country station. We set out to walk home by the short cut across the golf-course.

"Anyhow, we have saved five shillings," remarked Stella.

"We paid half-a-crown for that taxi which took us back to Victoria Station," I reminded her.

"Do not argue to-night, darling," responded my wife. "I simply cannot endure anything more."

Plainly she was a little unstrung. Very considerately I selected another topic.

"I think our best plan," I said cheerfully, "would be to advertise for a dog."

"I never wish to see a dog again," replied Stella.

I surveyed her with some concern, and said gently—

"I am afraid you are tired, dear."

"No, I'm not."

"A little shaken, perhaps?"

"Nothing of the kind. *Joe, what is that?*"

Stella's fingers bit deep into my biceps muscle, causing me considerable pain. We were passing a small sheet of water, which guards the thirteenth green on the golf-course. It is a stagnant and unclean pool, but we make rather a fuss of it. We call it the pond, and if you play a ball into it you send a blasphemous caddie in after it and count one stroke.

A young moon was struggling up over the trees, dismally illuminating the scene. Upon the slimy shores of the pond we beheld a small moving object. A yard behind it was another object, a little smaller, moving at exactly the same pace. One of the objects was emitting sounds of distress.

Abandoning my quaking consort, I advanced to the edge of the pond and leaned down to investigate the mystery.

The leading object proved to be a small, wet, shivering, whimpering puppy. The satellite was a brick. The two were connected by a string. The puppy had just emerged from the depths of the pond, towing the brick behind it.

"What is it, dear?" repeated Stella fearfully.

"Your dog!" I replied, and cut the string.

III.

We spent three days deciding upon a name for him. Stella suggested Tiny, on account of his size. I pointed out that time might stultify this selection of a title.

"I don't think so," said Eileen, supporting her sister. (She usually does.) "That kind of dog does not grow very big."

"What kind of dog is he?" I inquired swiftly.

Eileen said no more. There are problems which even young women of twenty cannot solve.

A warm bath had revealed to us the fact that the puppy was of a dingy yellow hue. I suggested that we should call him "Mustard." Our son John, on being consulted (against my advice) by his mother, addressed the animal as "Pussy." Stella continued to favor "Tiny." Finally Eileen, who was at the romantic age, produced a copy of Tennyson and suggested "Excalibur," alleging in support of her preposterous proposition that

It rose from out the bosom of the lake.

"The darling rose from out the bosom of the lake, too, just like the sword Excalibur," she said, "so I think it would make a lovely name for him."

"The little brute waded out of a muddy pond towing a brick," I replied. "I see no parallel. He was not the product of the pond. Some one must have thrown him in, and he came out."

"That is just," retorted Eileen, "what some one must have done with the

sword. So we'll call you Excalibur, won't we, darling little Scally?"

She embraced the puppy warmly, and the unsuspecting animal replied by frantically licking her face.

However, the name stuck—with variations. When the puppy was big enough he was presented with a collar engraved with the name "Excalibur," together with my name and address. Among ourselves we usually addressed him as "Scally." The children in the village called him "The Scallywag."

His time during his first year in our household was fully occupied in growing up. Stella declared that if one could have persuaded him to stand still for five minutes it would have been actually possible to see him grow. He grew at the rate of about an inch per week for the best part of a year. When he had finished he looked like nothing on earth. At one time we cherished a brief but illusory hope that he was going to turn into some sort of an imitation of a St. Bernard; but the symptoms rapidly passed off, and his final and permanent aspect was that of a rather badly stuffed lion.

Like most overgrown creatures he was top-heavy and lethargic, and very humble-minded. Still, there was a kind of respectful pertinacity about him. It requires some strength of character, for instance, to wade along the bottom of a pond to dry land accompanied by a brick as big as yourself. It was quite impossible, too, short of locking him up, to prevent him from accompanying us when we took our walks abroad, if he had made up his mind to do so. The first time this happened I was going to shoot with some neighbors. It was only a mile to the first covert, and I set off after breakfast to walk. I was hardly out upon the road when Excalibur was beside me, ambling uncertainly upon his weedy legs and smiling up into my face with an air of imbecile affection.

"You have many qualities, old friend," I said, "but I don't think you are a sporting dog. Go home!"

Excalibur sat down upon the road with a dejected air. Then, having given me fifty yards' start, he rose and crawled sheepishly after me. I stopped, called him up, pointed him with some difficulty in the required direction, gave him a resounding spank, and bade him begone. He responded by collapsing like a camp bedstead, and I left him.

Two minutes later I looked round. Excalibur was ten yards behind me, propelling himself along upon his stomach. This time I thrashed him severely. After he had begun to howl I let him go, and he lumbered away homeward the picture of misery.

In due course I reached the cross-roads where I had arranged to meet the rest of the party. They had not arrived, but Excalibur had. He had made a detour, and headed me off. Not certain which route I would take after the cross-roads, he was sitting, very sensibly, under the sign-post, awaiting my arrival. On seeing me he immediately came forward wagging his tail, and placed himself at my feet in the position most convenient to me for inflicting chastisement.

I wonder how many of our human friends would be willing to pay such a price for the pleasure of our company.

As time went on Excalibur filled out into one of the most terrifying spectacles I have ever beheld. In one respect, though, he lived up to his knightly name. His manners were of the most courtly description, and he had an affectionate greeting for all—beggars included. He was particularly fond of children. If he saw children in the distance he would canter up and offer to play with them. If the children had not met him before they would run shrieking to their nurses. If they had, they would fall upon Excali-

bur in a body and roll him over and pull him about. On wet afternoons in the nursery my own family used to play at "dentist" with him, assigning to Excalibur the *rôle* of patient. Gas was administered with a bicycle-pump, and a shoehorn and button-hook were employed in place of the ordinary instruments of torture. But Excalibur did not mind. He lay on his back upon the hearthrug, with the principal dentist sitting astride his ribs, as happy as a king. He was particularly attracted by babies; and being able by reason of his stature to look right down into perambulators, was accustomed whenever he met one of these vehicles to amble alongside and peer inquiringly into the face of its occupant. Most of the babies in the district got to know him in time, but until they did we had a good deal of correspondence to attend to upon the subject.

Excalibur's intellect may have been lofty, but his memory was treacherous. Our household will never forget the day upon which he was given the shoulder of mutton.

One morning after breakfast Eileen, accompanied by Excalibur, intercepted the kitchen-maid hastening in the direction of the potting-shed, carrying the joint in question at arm's length. The damsel explained that its premature maturity was due to the recent warm weather, and that she was even now in search of the gardener's boy, who would be commissioned to perform the duties of sexton.

"It seems a waste, Miss," observed the kitchen-maid, "but Cook says it can't be ate nohow, now."

Loud but respectful snufflings from Excalibur moved a direct negative to this statement. Eileen and the kitchen-maid, who were both criminally weak where Excalibur was concerned, saw a way to gratify their economical instincts and their natural affection simultaneously. Next moment Excalibur was lurching contentedly down the gravel path, with a presentation shoulder of mutton in his mouth.

Then Joy Day began. Excalibur took his prize into the middle of the tennis-lawn. It was a very large shoulder of mutton, but Excalibur finished it in ten minutes. After that, distended to his utmost limits, he went to sleep in the sun, with the bone between his paws. Occasionally he woke up, and raising his head stared solemnly into space, in the attitude of a Trafalgar Square lion. The bone now lay white and gleaming upon the grass beside him. Then he fell asleep again. About four o'clock he roused himself, and began to look for a suitable place of interment for the bone. By four-thirty the deed was done, and he went to sleep once more. At five he woke up—and pandemonium began. He could not remember where he had buried the bone!

He started systematically with the rose-beds, but met with no success. After that he tried two or three shrubberies, without avail; and then embarked upon a frantic but thorough excavation of the tennis-lawn. We were taking tea upon the lawn at the time, and our attention was first drawn to Excalibur's bereavement by a temporary but unshakable conviction on his part that the bone was buried immediately underneath the tea-table.

As the tennis-lawn was fast beginning to resemble a golf-course, we locked Excalibur up in the wash-house, where his hyena-like howls rent the air for the rest of the evening, penetrating even to the dining-room. This was particularly unfortunate, because we were having a dinner party in honor of a neighbor who had recently come to the district—no less a personage, in fact, than the new Lord-Lieutenant of the county and his lady. Stella was naturally anxious that there

should be no embarrassments upon such an occasion, and it distressed her to think that these people should imagine that we kept a private torture-chamber on the premises.

However, dinner passed off quite successfully, and we adjourned to the drawing-room. It was a chilly September evening, and Lady Wickham was accommodated with a seat by the fire in a large arm-chair with a cushion at her back. When the gentlemen came in Eileen sang to us. Fortunately the drawing-room is out of range of the wash-house.

During Eileen's first song I sat by Lady Wickham. Her expression was one of patrician calm and well-bred repose, but it seemed to me that she was not looking quite comfortable. I was not feeling quite comfortable myself. The atmosphere seemed a trifle oppressive; perhaps we had done wrong in having a fire after all. Lady Wickham appeared to notice it too. She sat very upright, fanning herself mechanically, and seemed disinclined to lean back in her chair.

After the song was finished I said:

"I am afraid you are not quite comfortable, Lady Wickham. Let me get you a larger cushion."

"Thank you," said Lady Wickham; "the cushion I have is delightfully comfortable; but I think there is something hard behind it."

Apologetically, I plucked away the cushion. Lady Wickham was right; there was something behind it.

It was Excalibur's bone.

Blackwood's Magazine. *(To be continued.)*

AN OLD GARDEN CITY: IN PRAISE OF BATH.

By Frederic Harrison, D.C.L.

Which of English cities is the most beautiful—if by beauty we include not only fine architectural and historic buildings, picturesque site, quaint old-world labyrinths and hillsides, pure air, bright sky, with a minimum of smoke, steam, crowd, and roar: above all, with an infinite variety of verdant landscape opening to the eye, far and near, high above us on every side, and brightening every street at every turn? This is indeed the special prerogative of Bath, which caused Savage Landor to compare Bath to his equally beloved Florence. Here are, first, the most important Roman buildings in our island; one of our great mediæval cathedrals; the best English examples of Palladian architecture adapted to city planning; a river valley that may hold its own beside the Thames at Marlow, and downs that may challenge the racecourse at Goodwood.

It is, no doubt, only by its Roman Baths that our city—as city—has no rival. In other qualities it does not stand quite first. The Abbey, with all its various interests, is certainly far inferior to the older cathedrals. Except for its Abbey, Bath has none of the mediæval glories of Oxford, Cambridge, Salisbury, or Wells. And it is only here and there that the Somerset Avon can be ranked beside the Dart or the Wye. There is much charm in such towns as Hereford, Durham, Winchester, or in Stratford or Bradford-on-Avon. But Bath is *a city*—with the size, antiquities, resources, culture, social and industrial life of a city which for centuries has held a place of mark in English literature and art. And being an historic and most noble city, it lies along both sides of one of the most luxuriant river valleys in the South of England; so that, even

from its busy streets or its broad terraces, there is offered to the eye a panorama of rural scenes of village, down, or wood. That is the unique prerogative of Bath—*urbs in rure*—a city of historic dignity which is itself but the heart of a magnificent countryside.

A man must have lived a year at least in Bath before he can have any real knowledge of what it is to residents. Everyone, no doubt, has seen Bath. If he was never ordered to try its waters, he has stopped there to take luncheon on a motor tour. Your noodle will chuckle about Pickwick, Winkle, and Smauker, and a lady will be curious about Beau Nash. But to have strolled into the Pump Room, to have been driven round the Lansdown Hill Crescents and Terraces, to have "done" Prior Park, the Roman Baths, and the Abbey, is not to know Bath at all, or to know it only as it is known to a day-tripper from Birmingham, or to a journalist from Paris. There are bits of Bath that remind one of a Riviera hill village; a student of town architecture would need months to study the work of the two Woods and their school. The walks, rides, and drives about Lansdown Hill, round Prior Park, in St. Catherine's, Claverton Vale, or Charlcombe—anywhere within a league or two of the city—are equal to any in England. But the peculiar charm of Bath lies in its great variety of gardens, parks, squares, and promenades, together with the infinite change of street vista, alternating from rural picturesqueness to Palladian breadth of architectural schemes. As you walk the streets you will constantly be struck with a view that you never noticed before; and you may reside in the city for years, and still find yourself now and then in a spot which, if not quite unknown, seems to have gained a new beauty or some mysterious charm.

Few visitors to Bath, and perhaps not all residents, have ever studied the east face of Ralph Allen's house—built by the elder Wood in 1727—now stowed away in Lilliput Alley and almost inaccessible. It is one of the most effective specimens of the domestic architecture of the eighteenth century still extant in England. The elaborate and scientific work of Mowbray Green (4to, 1904) points out a larger series of Palladian work of that classical century still extant in Bath than any to be found elsewhere, unless in such as remain in Westminster, Bloomsbury, or the City and East-end of London. But London, with its incessant growth and reconstruction, has, even in living memory, swept away the larger part of the eighteenth-century work. Bath had a different history. About one hundred years ago it ceased to be the resort of fashion, wealth, and art, and its extension by new buildings suddenly ceased.

Since then its growth has been very moderate, and it has needed but little building except in its suburbs and environs. The stately Palladian saloons and decorations of the times of Chatham, Pulteney, and Ralph Allen are now too often faded and ill-kept, tenanted by caretakers, workmen and their families, or let out to lodgers. But the student of British art in the eighteenth century may find in them the best designs of the two John Woods, of Adam, Baldwin, and Strahan: admirable doorways, staircases, mouldings, and panels, which can hardly be matched elsewhere. One may dislike Palladian art, or even hate it as much as did Ruskin; but he who cares for art or history, or even the evolution of manners, cannot neglect it as an historic fact of European range, nor be blind to its eminent adaptability to modern life. The place to find Palladian art at its best in England is Bath. Architecturally,

Bath is eighteenth century and nothing else. And, owing to its arrest as a centre of fashion more than a century ago, to the fact that it has never been a great manufacturing city—with no need to rebuild its streets—and also that for centuries it has had at its walls an exceedingly fine building stone and has retained its traditions of skilled artificers—Bath remains to-day much as it was in the eighteenth century, just as Edinburgh does in Scotland, Versailles in France, or Pisa in Italy.

There is nowhere extant in England any scheme of town-planning, at once so convenient and so artistic, as the vast constructions of the two Woods, their imitators and followers in Bath. To my eye, the north side of Queen Square has no superior in England. The Circus is a real lesson in Palladian decoration of modest town houses. The singular ingenuity of its planning, *i.e.*, with three, not four openings, so that wherever you enter you face a true crescent, not a quadrant of a circle, produces an impression of dignity and repose, which no circus of four segments can possess. It is doubted if any other extant circus has this most crucial character. But Wood's special gift as an artist, the impression of dignity and repose, is carried to its highest point in what is known as Royal Crescent. This building, which is not a crescent, or segment of a circle, but a segment of a very long ellipse, more than 600 feet from end to end, is remarkable for its vast size and its grand colonnade—which surpasses the scale of any similar work in England, or perhaps in Europe. If to Wood's streets, squares, crescents, and terraces we add the Assembly Rooms, the Guildhall, Pulteney Street with its adjuncts, and Prior Park, we have a group of eighteenth-century architecture which no provincial city can rival.

After all, the charm of Bath as a residential city, apart from its exquisite site and its traditions, is the singular profusion of parks, gardens, open promenades, and spacious pavements in which it abounds. In this it surpasses all other English cities of any size, and can be matched only on the continent of Europe. In Bath may be counted about twenty such parks and gardens within a short walk of the Abbey. The lie of the ground with incessant variations in rise and fall, interspersed with valleys, hills, down, and wood, gives opportunity for foliage and greenery which the local builders skilfully used. All the new quarters raised in the eighteenth century outside the mediæval walls in order to house visitors and residents of refinement and leisure, were invariably placed so as to face parks, gardens, and open ground; and they usually had gardens of their own in the rear. In this way, the houses in the Squares, in Gay Street, the Circus, Brock Street, the three large Crescents, Marlborough Buildings, and the Terraces along the High Common, have each gardens of their own which often command wide country prospects. It is this rural element of Bath residences which makes the city a true *urbs in rure*—its profusion of foliage, lawn and flower beds, rich with the fertility of the Avon valley soil. He who leaves his house on foot passes in a few yards to a true country walk, and as he strolls along the avenues and up or down its hillside, on East or West, on North or South, he has before his eyes at every turn a vision of that Wessex country-side above him, villages, farms, pastures, and woods. It is such a city as a few centuries ago was common enough in Europe, and happily it is without those battlements and walls which then cut off the city from the land outside them. In Bath one hardly knows whether one lives in the country or in a town.

One has often wondered how in old times citizens, their women and children, endured the gloom, confinement, and inconveniences of a fetid mediæval town, hemmed in by lofty walls, battlements, and towers, with no access to open country unless through some four, or perhaps six, narrow gates. All this lasted everywhere in Europe down to the middle of the seventeenth century. Those of us octogenarians who have known Avignon, Nuremburg, Florence, and Rome before any buildings existed outside the ancient walls, can imagine what European cities were, at any rate down to the religious wars of the sixteenth century. It seems marvellous that human nature could have endured to pass whole lives in cities which, except for their churches, abbeys, and guildhalls, were a network of dungeons, the like of which may still be seen at Orvieto or Carcassonne.

No doubt, there were no tall chimneys, no factories, steam-hooters, trams, or motors. But the real compensation, which enabled the people of Europe to endure for five or six centuries the horrors of their stifling cities within walls, was the freedom to pass in ten minutes on foot into a pure and verdant open country. Except during war or in time of riot, the gates were open; and, once outside the walls, citizens, their women and children, could enjoy quiet country life, could play or go Maying, nutting, or acorning in the woods; sail, or fish, or bathe in the trout-streams, or gather in the public mead for a pageant or a tournament. Even the citizens of London, Bristol, or York, who passed their entire lives in crowded and busy industrial centres, could always take an afternoon stroll through a countryside as fresh and peaceful as a Mendip village to-day. If life within walls was close and strained, without walls all was balmy air, smokeless sky, and rural charm. That was the saving grace of the cruel life of the old walled town.

Now, Bath remains one of the very few cities of any importance in England where this antique combination of splendid city life within, and lovely country at hand, still survives in perfection. In its fine buildings and busy thoroughfares its citizens have the dignity and stir of old city life, with its *genius loci* and memorable traditions; and yet parks, downs, meandering streams, and historic manors are within a walk. Exeter, Gloucester, Worcester are interesting old cities, not quite absorbed in modern factories, in steam and electric whirlwinds. But none of these towns, nor the smaller towns on beautiful sites, have anything to compare with the civic architecture and palatial dignity of Bath. Even in such noble cities as Edinburgh or Oxford, it is no longer within a mere afternoon's stroll to leave factories and slums behind and to pass to a beautiful country of untainted air. Now this is our daily experience in Bath. It is a real—almost the only Garden City.

Bath has as many gardens as Oxford or Cambridge; and if these gardens and parks and terraced walks lack the eternal charm of the Gothic colleges, chapels, towers, and belfries which make the old University cities in themselves a spiritual education, yet in compensation, the gardens of Bath all stand embosomed in magnificent landscapes and lofty and distant hill prospects such as surpass any within reach of Oxford or Cambridge. The citizen of Bath who takes the air on foot or in any kind of vehicle has the choice of scores of ways of countless variety and interest. Within a mile or two outside the present area, which is held to exceed a population of 60,000 souls, he may find avenues of noble forest trees, or paths beside a wind-

ing river, a picturesque hill village, quaint remnants of Tudor, Plantagenet, or Norman work, an ideal Jacobean manor, the site of a Cromwellian battle, a fragment of Roman road, a Saxon relic, a prehistoric earthwork, and on every side a down with a panoramic view. There is more than one such haunt, within an hour's walk of the Abbey, where, at a height between 700 and 800 feet, there may be found a prospect covering some forty or fifty miles of the West-country, which in rural beauty, extent of outlook, and historic association, will hold its own with any other famous *Aussicht-punkt* in all the South of England. Few English cities have a single such point within an easy walk. Bath has one for every day in the week.

Certainly no English city has on its hillside so stately a specimen of Palladian architecture in so perfect a site as Prior Park. To my eye, this *chef d'œuvre* of the elder Wood, even after its injury by fire and later additions, can stand comparison with Stowe, Blenheim, or Castle Howard, and I think it a finer design than any but the latter. In position nearly 500 feet above the river, looking down on the old city through a luscious glen surrounded with clumps of noble trees, and adorned with the picturesque conceit of the Palladian bridge in the apogee of the Georgian grand manner, Prior Park has a platform and a prospect superior to any mansion of its age and class. The most severe Ruskinian might forgive its renascent colonnades and "orders" for the sake of its long traditions of eighteenth-century literature, art, society, and statesmanship, with which it is crowded. Before we sneer at its artificial classicalism, let us read Austin Dobson's delightful volume entitled "Prior Park," and then wander about its woods in springtime, and watch the haycocks in the Park and the lilies on the stream beneath the bridge. It is a glimpse of Tivoli in a Somerset valley. What other English city has such a bit of Italy at its gates? The day will come—it must come—when it will be the principal park, museum, library, and art gallery of the Old Garden City.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THRESHOLDS.

If the story of the Fall were to be rewritten to-day, the curse of Adam would be, we think, reversed. He would find himself outside Paradise—and out of work. A terrible fuss followed the change of scientific theory which made men disbelieve in "the six days' employ." It was perhaps a greater change of conviction which led them to exalt the primeval curse into a blessing. It took place quietly, no one quite knows when, but it has altered the face of the Western world. Work is now the universal ideal, as well as the almost universal necessity. Everybody knows that everybody else ought to work. No one condemns the loafer more heartily than the man of leisure, and we imagine that his condemnation is returned. Most men go further than this, and in the fervor of their faith declare that if a man does not find happiness 'n his work he will never find it. This, for our part, we doubt. It is one of the things which ought to be and are not. By work we do not, of course, mean a little occupation; we mean toil, the sweat of a man's brow or brain.

On the whole, the new view of work is perhaps the truest. But there are times when one feels more inclined to

agree with the author of Genesis than with Dr. Watts. Satan is not engaged only with the unemployed, and as we gaze upon the faces of the work-sodden multitude in the poorest quarters of our largest cities, incapable, as these faces so often seem, of an expression of gaiety and unused to the portrayal of love or of aspiration, we wonder whether his ostentatious association with the lazy and the leisured is not somewhat in the nature of a blind. Overwork is not morally beneficial. Meanwhile, it is generally admitted that the happiest time of life comes before we know the real stress of hard work, and we believe that there might be a very happy time towards the end if we did not from choice or necessity put off the last long holiday so very late. The modern ambition to die in harness is unnatural. A man should aim at several years of quiet enjoyment before he loses his strength. As the Cæsar (Diocletian) said, he should put "an interval between life and death."

Youth is, of course, the age of hopes and chances. But that is not the only reason why it is happy. It is free from the stress of work. Health, energy, the great possibilities of luck and of love, delight young men and maidens; but if we analyze their happiness we must give a large place to the fact that they are not yet hard at work. More free than late childhood, early childhood is very happy, even among the very poor, almost perfectly happy among the rich. Later on school means work, or at the very least, and for the most energetic resister of instruction, it means the organization of the hours of play to order. If you look at a crowd of schoolboy faces, happiness is not their most marked expression. Too many of them have a strained look. They have lost the look of gaiety which makes the faces of young children such a refreshment to the beholder, and they have not got that other look of happiness which comes later. Young children do dimly realize the existence of sorrow, pain, and illness. What they do not realize is the oppression of work; at any rate, the children of the brain-worker do not realize it. Later on, when the boy goes to school, he slowly learns it, and it takes something out of him. Girls keep their childish happiness longer, renew it more noticeably in later youth, and in rare instances even keep it through life. Of course we are only speaking of those women who lead a completely sheltered existence, and who, though they may have known sorrow, have not known care.

Oddly enough, no one looks forward to work with fear. The young man only sees its possibilities, its successes; or, if he must work where there are no chances of success, its remuneration, the few hours of leisure, the amusements or the delights of family life of which it is the price. When the work comes, with its monotonous leaden weight, it crushes something in the character, though it doubtless gives a good deal in its place. Something is killed by training, first in the boy when he goes to school, then in the young man when he goes to work. It is the threshold days which are really happy. Of course work brings a happiness of its own. The mere accomplishment of tasks is productive of pleasure, and much work is deeply interesting, and perhaps never becomes dull. Even if it is not interesting, it gives a meaning to life; and if it is a source of happiness in no other sense, it is at least the only known anodyne in times of bitter distress. One has to remember also that there is something intrinsically pleasant in the habitual. Homesickness can be explained on no other theory, and the longing of demented persons for the home from which they

believe themselves exiles is a sad witness to our natural devotion to the daily round. Even the men who have not greatly enjoyed their life's work hesitate to give it up until they are obliged. It is rather sad to do anything for the last time. We believe that feeling is at the bottom of a great deal of unwise clinging to work. Men quote the saying, now almost become a proverb, about wearing out and rusting out. It is a saying in which there cannot be very much truth. Many people will not stop work till they are nearly done for, and somehow the effect of the strain does not show itself till it is over. Then they flag, and, being past recuperation, they flag on for years—"rusting out," in their own phrase. But if men could or would retire a little earlier than they do, the threshold of old age should be a delightful time. Hope is over, it is true, but so are great disappointments, and we may fairly argue that we know the worst.

Ambition crushes many sources of happiness when we are young. We avoid doing this, that, or the other thing because we cannot do it very well. But perhaps it is something from which we might get very great enjoyment if we were content to do it in a mediocre way. Very small artistic gifts offer endless pleasure to those who have leisure to cultivate them and sufficient simplicity to be content with small achievements. Meanwhile the world is always young, and Nature just as beautiful as when the old were young with her.

All their working lives men and women regret the pleasures for which they have no time. Nearly all these are pleasures which require no great strength, and which they might quite well enjoy upon the threshold of old age if they would. It is true that "old Anglo-Indians," who might be expected to enjoy life on the threshold of old age more than most people, seeing they retire early and have an assured income, usually seem to find it very dull. But we doubt whether "old Anglo-Indians" are really a case in point. Return from a long exile is often very much like a second exile, and exile in old age is very sad. Self-absorption is a failing to which the temptation grows less as years go on. In the heyday of life it is natural and inevitable that our own affairs should come first, should preoccupy us to a very great extent; but when the strain is over, and the race over, and the winners have got their prizes, even those who have proved themselves out of the running can rest as pleasantly as the victors. Then there is time to see the fine sights and humors of the world. It is too late, perhaps, to begin a hobby, but it is the right time to pursue one. Friendship, too, can be cultivated with far more care and persistence than are possible in earlier life, and young people, who distrust the middle-aged on account of a certain aroma of authority which clings about them, are often very glad of the friendship of those upon the threshold of old age. When real old age comes there is not energy left for new doings. At best it is a state in which we must feel tired without work to show for the feeling. But upon its threshold memories may be stored which will be of great value when active life belongs to the past. At any rate, it would be a gain that in middle life a man should be able to look forward as well as backward to the delights of leisure.

The Spectator.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

I had a terrible experience yesterday, one of life's inky black hours which will bring a shudder whenever in future days memory seizes an idle moment to refresh herself. I had been dining with Scarfield and his mother at Hampstead, and with the entry of the coffee he had pleaded a sudden dyspepsia and withdrawn. So his mother, a dear colorless old lady, undertook to entertain me. By her desire I lighted a cigar.

She mentioned that she had just returned from a visit to Glasgow, and I remarked intelligently that Glasgow was a fine place. Considering for a moment, she observed that she thought the weather in Glasgow was colder than that of the South of England; and I said, Yes, very likely, I had heard so. In about two minutes she qualified her statement by informing me that the South of England was as a rule milder than Glasgow. I replied that it appeared to me very possible, adding recklessly that they had peculiarly mixed weather in Glasgow, which she seemed to think rather a questionable presentment of the case for the North, for she kept silent and ruminated for seven or eight minutes. My mind took a little excursion to Putney, where I have friends. But, before I had really settled at Putney, the lady's voice intimated that perhaps they had more rain in Glasgow than in the South of England.

I came back from Putney with a slight mental wrench, yet sufficiently clear-headed to say decidedly that Glasgow, on the whole, had a much better climate than the South, because I had once spent a day there, and the sun shone the whole time, so I ought to know. Then I started off again, and had just reached Walham Green (one does not speak of these places, but I may tell you that it is a station on the way to Putney, where I have a friend), when she responded with lightning-like swiftness that it couldn't be healthy to live in Glasgow. This bordered on repartee, so I countered rapidly with the brilliant suggestion that a good many people managed to live there, hoping she would not score by the obvious rejoinder that a good many people died there. If she had, I can't imagine how I should have extricated myself. Luckily she merely murmured, "Ah, yes," and reflected. I was just stepping off the train at a station (Putney—to be explicit, it is a lady friend) when there seemed to be a collision, and I caught myself saying, "Indeed!" though I don't know why. She nodded approval, however, and I ventured on a meditative "Ye-es."

"But they don't seem to mind," she said, glancing at me blandly through her spectacles. "*Do* they?"

"You see," I answered, chancing it, "they are so used to it." She smiled and agreed.

"That must be the reason," she said. For what, I hadn't the remotest idea; but this just shows what presence of mind will do for one in an emergency.

"What a difference they must find," I went on boldly, and lapsed into a muse. She sighted it, however, and replied in less than five minutes—

"You mean now that the old-fashioned ones are coming in again?"

Here was a catastrophe. Did she refer to hats, or skirts, or Christmas cards? What sudden original observation had I unfortunately missed during that last journey South-westward? At all costs I must keep cool. I pulled myself together and plunged.

"Yes," I said. "You see the old-fashioned ones were so awfully tight, weren't they?"

"Tight?" she echoed. "Not *tight*."

"Well, not exactly *tight*," I answered, feeling rather distracted. "I meant large."

She looked at me suspiciously, I thought. "*I* think they're too long," she said, "and such a lot of people in them."

This was growing too complicated, and I wished heartily we had stuck to Glasgow and its weather.

"One finds them," she added, "so hard to follow."

I racked my miserable brain for anything that was lengthy, populace, and difficult to follow; in vain.

"Still," I gasped, glancing at the door, "one can always . . . one can generally . . . one can sometimes sit down . . . for a rest . . . if one is dreadfully tired," I explained.

She gazed at me reproachfully.

Punch.

"I don't usually stand at the back of the pit," she said. "The last time Fred took me we had stalls."

"How—how *jolly!*" I murmured. "I was thinking of—of——"

"If you please, Mr. Fred would like some soda-water and a few biscuits taken up, Ma'am," said the servant, entering softly.

I rose.

"Must you go?" protested my conversationalist. "Oh, I am so sorry! But come again soon—you have kept me quite lively. Good-bye."

I took the tube to Charing Cross and changed there for Putney and Ethel. (Did I mention that her name was Ethel?) But when I told Ethel about it afterwards she said she thought sarcasm in elderly ladies was very objectionable.

THE BOTHERSOME MALE.

Cock Robin, who, during the winter, kept every other robin of either sex out of his garden by force of arms, lately re-admitted his last year's mate, and now can scarcely make enough of her. To-day they met somewhere at the front of the house, and he evidently told her that he had something most particular to show her if she would come round to a nice quiet corner at the back. She did not come at once, but he egged her on, beckoned her on, drove her on, led her on by little stages until they reached the cold frames, which are in quite a secluded spot. And there he got her to sit for a moment on the edge of a frame, while he hopped on to a flower-pot immediately facing her, and showed her what wonderful thing he had to show. He thrust his beak at the sky, puffed his red chest into a sort of high-necked rectangularity, the chief effect of which was to destroy its nice round lines and break the plumage (at any rate, for the spectator, who had a profile view), and then he swayed himself with a sort of circular swagger, like a man with a very stiff and high collar trying to see the whole of himself in a glass without performing the impossibility of depressing his chin.

It is not often that we catch Mr. Robin at this particular antic. No doubt, he usually prefers to perform it when there is no other spectator but his lady-love. He is a very friendly little robin, but not quite so friendly as to make such an exhibition of himself before the gardener, if it can be helped. And when the gardener, later on, finding him alone, had the cruelty to caricature the performance, Cock Robin looked no less than what a schoolboy would call "rather sick." We

had the curiosity to see whether Mr. Alexander Urquhart had anything to say about this courting antic in his new book of "Odd Hours with Nature" (Unwin). Yes, it has its place in that interesting miscellany. Posting himself "right in front of her," the courting robin is said to go through a "little pantomime":—

"This consisted in turning up the ta'l till it hung over the back at an angle that made its wearer resemble, in general outline, a wren, and to puff out the red breast and sway the body from side to side. The whole air of the bird in this performance was one of intense satisfaction with himself. . . . From the way in which he puffed it out and threw back his head, he appeared to be very conscious that the color of his breast, now at its brightest, was his strong decorative point, and a feature of which he was well justified in making the most."

The desire to make the most of his best feature is apparent enough. The pathos of it all is that he fails to make the best of himself or even of the attraction on which he concentrates his advertising power. Whoever has noticed the courting methods of any male animal has marked with astonishment the way in which the female receives them. Mr. Urquhart says that the lady robin looks at her wooer's antics "with what novelists call mingled annoyance and surprise." Our own impression is that she is actuated by a kindly resolve not to be, at any rate, an eager witness of the loved one's folly. When hereafter it shall occur to the sobered wooer that on a certain red-letter day he must have allowed his exuberance to make him rather laughable, it will be a comfort to him to reflect that she did not take very much notice of his extravagances; even that in their worst period she was not looking at all, and was in fact searching a cranny for a spider. For that is the direction often taken by her marked desire to see nothing of his posturings.

If an artist were shown the wonderful apparatus with which the peacock is supposed to fascinate his peahens, and with that information alone were asked to make a picture of his courting, he would be at a loss to show his hens in suitable attitudes of admiration. Should they bow their heads in maidenly homage before the charmer, or raise their wings in rapturous applause? The former attitude would be the happiest shot at the reality. They do bow their heads, though not in homage. They go on pecking at their food just as though this gorgeous gentleman did not exist. They seek the earwig or caterpillar right beneath his rustling wings or stamping feet, with an air of being bothered by his occupation of so much foraging ground, and bored by his unusually silly behavior.

We may get another view of the feminine attitude through the vulgar mind of the sparrow. The rowdy male of this species, whom some call by the splendid name of Philip, is not content with distant posturing like the robin. He spreads his tail and drags his wings in much the same way as the turkey cock, and like that polygamous bird (the sparrow is a monogamist in name only), he forces his strutting upon the object of his attentions, so that she may not ignore it. He rushes her as 'Arry rushes 'Arriet, and would show his affection for her by knocking her headlong. And she meets him at every turn open-mouthed, and if he won't be quiet otherwise (and he certainly won't) gives him shrewd bites, and even pulls some feathers out. They neither of them cut a good figure, but it is all his fault. No sparrow body could contain enough dignity to deal with such an unshameable hooligan as Philip is. If she flew away, not only this Philip but half-a-dozen others would be after her, chattering and

fighting and even biting the lady in the licence of mob-law, as Philip never does when he is alone. If you want to keep the thing a little bit quiet, the only thing is to stand your ground and tweak.

Oh, ye foolish males, it is nothing to the purpose that you can show yourselves magnificent in your colors, and, as you vainly imagine, terrible in your struttings. The more outrageous you are, the less likely it is that you will prove yourselves useful helpmeets when the trials of matrimony come on, and the more you make the courted ones regret that one's life cannot be fulfilled without having to bother with men at all. The question is, not how gorgeous you are or how beautifully you can sing, but can you build a nest properly, can you carry worms, and will you take a fair share of these labors? Or, if you must make love, don't let it be with egoistic compulsion of admiration, the whole theme of it the grandeur of the man and the final impossibility of resistance on the part of the woman. Far more acceptable is a little deference, a little shifting of the centre of gravity to the distaff side.

What an example of unselfish devotion, of pleasure in the company of his beloved is that of the rosy-breasted linnet just now! Wherever you see one linnet, you see two, and they move about as though they were tied together by a string not more than a yard long. She settles on a bank, and he settles on the same bank at the same moment, and only a foot away from her. She flies away, and he is drawn after her or moved with her by an identical will. In the same double harness they perch in a white-thorn spotted with the buds of May, and when they rise and let the wind drift them further, you are almost surprised that the string between them does not get entangled in the twigs. They do not look at one another; they just feel one another's presence. Of course, she flies about more than she need do, just for the pleasure of towing him after her, perhaps for the pleasure of showing the other linnets how devoted he is. He is quite as beautiful as the robin, but his magnificence, instead of being something to be blown up and boasted about, is a splendid offering on the altar of love.

Mr. Urquhart glances at the worries of the stag in love, or, we feel inclined to say, in conquest. It is very exhilarating no doubt to fight for the hind you love, knocking a doughty rival out of time, and sending him craven away, then receiving congratulations you never doubt to be sincere from the prize of your victory. But lust of battle carries the stag further. Presently he numbers his hinds by the dozen. Daily, in November, his right to such a plurality is more or less seriously challenged by the other stags whom his imperialism would deny the right to marry. When he is fighting at one quarter, some slim Lothario tries to carry off a hind or two from the other end of the herd, and worse than that, his hinds are ready to meet the would-be abductor half-way. They are held to their lord not by love, not even by admiration of his prowess, but by the fear of his antlers. He would be far better off with one wife, or as a compromise, say two or three. As it is, says Mr. Urquhart, "Of all the miserable animals in the world, a stag which has gathered a large harem of hinds is the most wretched."

The Nation.

TWO LOST SONNETS OF KEATS.

ON RECEIVING A LAUREL CROWN FROM LEIGH HUNT.

Minutes are flying swiftly, and as yet
Nothing unearthly has enticed my brain
Into a delphic labyrinth—I would fain
Catch an immortal thought to pay the debt
I owe to the kind poet who has set
Upon my ambitious head a glorious gain.
Two bending laurel sprigs—'tis nearly pain
To be conscious of such a coronet.
Still time is fleeting, and no dream arises
Gorgeous as I would have it—only I see
A trampling down of what the world most prizes
Turbans and crowns and blank regality;
And then I run into most wild surmises
Of all the many glories that may be.

TO THE LADIES WHO SAW ME CROWN'D.

What is there in the universal earth
More lovely than a wreath from the bay tree?
Haply a halo round the moon—a glee
Circling from three sweet pair of lips in mirth;
And haply you will say the dewy birth
Of morning roses—riplings tenderly
Spread by the halcyon's breast upon the sea—
But these comparisons are nothing worth.
Then is there nothing in the world so fair?
The silvery tears of April? Youth of May?
Or June that breathes out life for butterflies?
No—none of these can from my favorite bear
Away the palm—yet shall it ever pay
Due reverence to your most sovereign eyes.

The Times.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Amelia Barr's "Playing with Fire," is the story of Dr. Macrae, a Scotch clergyman who came upon higher criticism and the scientific in the prime of his career, and thought that he had lost God from the Universe. The God Whom he could no longer find in the pulpit, appeared to him at last in an opportunity for social service. Thus Mrs. Barr's novel handles a question which is very vital to-day, but the characters of her book are the same clean, interesting, wholesome sort of people that her readers have been taught by many pleasant experiences to expect. It is a matter for congratulation that such books are still produced, the kind of books that provide entertainment, that have the spirit of youth and romance, and that set high standards of living. The problems here will be as new to-morrow as they were yesterday, and will make the book appeal to a wide circle of readers. D. Appleton & Co.

"The Fiddling Girl," by Daisy Rhodes Campbell, is a book for girls which flows from page to page with an ease and clarity which many grown-up books might envy. Its people are wholesome, humorous, and good-hearted; the snobs who are introduced to play the villain are not wholly despicable, and its one step-mother is a kind, real-motherly soul. Virginia Hammond, the girl who fiddles her way through the book appears, at fourteen, as sole housekeeper for her father and sole bringer-up for her small but irrepressible brother and sister. When the step-mother comes to relieve her of these responsibilities, Virginia goes to the city for a year or two at boarding-school. Her unselfishness and her readiness to help other people win her many friends, and they fortunately prove both ready and able to help her in return. Beginning her career as a musician with lessons on the fiddle from a jolly old Irishman down the road, she takes leave of the reader with a Stradivarius in her hands and every prospect of becoming an unusually brilliant violinist. The Page Company.

The Rev. John Stockton Littell, D.D., Rector of St. James' Church, Keene, N. H., is the author of a series of illustrated brochures published under the general title of "Stories of Cross and Flag." The first in the series, "George Washington—Christian," emphasizes the religious aspects of Washington's character; the second, "Some Great Christian Jews," gives incidents in the lives of many distinguished converts from Judaism to Christianity; another is devoted to "St. Patrick and his Followers"; and two present "The Kingdom in Pictures." There are more than two hundred illustrations in the series, some of them in colors.

The first pages of "The Hoosier Volunteer," by Kate and Virgil D. Boyles, show Sammy Goodman, at the age of thirteen, wending his way, with a copy of Webster's "Elementary Spelling Book" under his arm, to the "free school" of a somewhat older but equally immature Indiana village. A few years of work and play, of hero-worship and responsibility, of backwoods education and backwoods religion, tinged by the shadow of an unforgettable tragedy, bring him to manhood just as the Civil War breaks out. Sammy and his faithful and highly entertaining friend, Zach Posey, enlist

in the Eighteenth Indiana; and the last two-thirds of the book shows them in camp, on the march, charging across swamps to capture cannon, sick, wounded, and home on furloughs. There is, perhaps, a slight improbability in the invention of plot and incident; but the rare knack of making the characters speak with absolute naturalness and the unmistakable flavor of actuality which clings to every scene more than atone for it. There are mothers and sisters and irrepressible aunts; a girl or two left behind; a villain; a ghost; and a coward whose death is splendid enough to make his company forget his previous weakness. There is plenty of simple, kindly humor; and martial thrills and compelling pathos follow each other rapidly. One hardly knows whether to praise it most as an impressive picture of war or as an extremely readable story. A. C. McClurg & Co.

"Sir," said Whistler to a customer who objected to his price for a certain picture, "I am not a necessity, I am a luxury." So might Mrs. Phebe Westcott Humphreys reply to any captious person who found the subject of "The Practical Book of Garden Architecture" apparently beyond his means. Mrs. Humphreys tells stories of such luxury in gardens as would redouble the ravings of the omnipresent Socialist, if he ever read anything so mild as a garden book, and pictures of rare and costly objects used in beautifying special nooks make one of the most attractive features of this notable volume. A voluptuary or a spendthrift may like a garden. The good, the gentle, the tender-hearted must love it, for it is their natural sphere. Mr. S. Walter Humphreys, who lives in gardens with Mrs. Humphreys in his vacations, has given the volume a frontispiece in color and one hundred and twenty-five pages of other photographs taken by himself. The book is much more than a companion for idle hours, it is also a manual to be used by any person who wants to have a garden or garden accessories of his own. The ideas are of world-wide inspiration: Japan, Holland, France, England, Bermuda, and many other lands, famous for their gardens, furnish suggestions which may be adapted by the American gardener. Mrs. Humphreys is particularly happy in her chapter headings which are delightful in their suggestiveness. Here are a few; "Dependable Bird Houses," "Appropriate Bridges," "Crows'-Nests and Tree Houses," "The Quaint and Durable Thatched Roof," "Attractive Garden Stairways." Not only does she describe each one of these features, and a score of others, in a manner that makes the reader long to go forth and attempt it for himself, but her practical suggestions are really practical. When some way of reaching a result is described, Mrs. Humphreys does not suggest only the most costly method, but shows how for various sums of money, on various scales, the work may be done. One reads of garden accessories brought from afar at great cost, and on the next page may read how an equally artistic effect may be produced by home labor, and for a very few dollars, by the person of genuine enthusiasm and understanding. The whole book urges, for everyone, an increasing love of the beautiful and a determination to create it somehow or other. It nowhere smacks of fads or of extreme and unworkable theories, but is dominated by common sense and helpfulness. Householders who wish information about outdoor swimming pools, gate ways, terraces, pergolas, fountains, or spring houses, can do no better than to come to this book. It is a fund of inspiration and pleasure. J. B. Lippincott Company.